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GILSON WILLETS.

THE TRIUMPH

OF

YANKEE DOODLE.

BY

GILSON WILLETS,

Author of "Anita, the Cuban Spy," "His Neighbor's Wife," etc., etc.

F. TENNYSON NEELY,

PUBLISHER,

LONDON. NEW YORK.

Lulu R. Richardson

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INTRODUCTION.

In this story of Uncle Sam's conquests I have attempted to give a brief outline of the causes of the war, the narrative of my own personal experiences in Cuba, a hint as to the political advantages accruing to the Cubans by the conquering of the Spaniards by the Americans, a general *resumé* of the conditions of Yankee Doodle after his triumphs, and the situation in Cuba as the peace-army of Americans found it after the war.

On the 16th of February, the day after the murder of the Maine, I started for Havana. My experiences in that city during those awful weeks of the reign of misery when the reconcentrados were dying by thousands, is recounted in later chapters. Just before the declaration of war I left Havana with General Lee and the correspondents—the last Americans to come out of Cuba before the first shot of the war. The day war was declared I started south with the army, and continued with it, going from camp to camp, living under canvas until the day peace was declared. All of which is narrated in turn in the

chapters that follow. Meantime I kept a sort of journal, in which I wrote, very hastily, scenes witnessed and my impressions of the same.

Under the date of May 25, 1898, at the headquarters of the army at Tampa, I wrote the following descriptions of the Cuban-American regiment and its departure for Cuba.

. . . . . .

Eight hundred dark-skinned men gathered in front of a sagging, unsafe looking building. Only a few weeks before, that building had been a cigar factory. Only a few weeks before, most of these eight hundred men had worked in that factory as cigarmakers. Now the building was used as barracks and the cigarmakers had turned soldiers. Machetes dangled from their hips, and Spanish words bubbled from their lips. They were Cuban-Americans, members of the two Cuban regiments—recruited in Tampa early in May.

They were only partially equipped, only half-fed. Therefore none were whole-hearted. Their clothing was half-civilian, half-military. Each wore some part of a uniform, but not one had a uniform suit complete. Some had straw hats, some felt caps, a few were bareheaded. They had uniforms without uniformity. As individuals, as guerrillas, they might have passed mus-

ter. As a body of soldiers, however, they were a sorry, pitiable, pathetic spectacle. Civilians playing soldier—that's what their appearance indicated.

They fell into line. General Nunez, their commandante, was coming to inspect them. It was a sad, sinister line of men. All were lynx-eyed. Some were frightened. A few looked weak-kneed, seemed to want to back out. These dark faces were all shades of brown: chocolate, ginger, cinnamon, walnut. Twenty or thirty were black as ebony. These were Cuban negroes, the tallest, strongest-looking men in all that eight hundred. The Cubans themselves were undersized—not one taller than five feet eight. They were narrow-chested and had very small hands and very small feet. But they looked very fierce, and they fondled their machetes.

The commandante arrived. Inspection was supposed to follow. It didn't. The commandante dismissed the troops with orders to hold themselves in readiness to move.

Great excitement in the ranks. Spanish oaths flew from mouth to mouth. There were protests and many head-shakings.

"Move? Why we are not ready to move. Move without clothing or arms? Never!"

"Sail under an American flag? Never."

Uncle Sam had indeed agreed to equip these Cuban regiments; but as yet uncle had been too busy to attend to them. After giving them machetes, a few Springfield rifles, and some old Smith and Wesson revolvers, Uncle Sam had been called off to another job. Now they were told to hold themselves in readiness to move. They said: "It is not well." And as for sailing under an American flag—no, they would mutiny; they would sail under a Cuban flag or no flag. A Cuban always talks too much.

"Fall in, there," an officer commanded. "Attention."

"Mind your business," said some of the men. "We've had enough falling in to-day."

"To your quarters," the officer ordered sternly.

"We'll do as we please," answered the unruly men.

No wonder Uncle Sam had ordered these Cubans to get ready to move. There was no discipline in their ranks; no respect for officers; no thought of obedience, order or regularity. Why? Because these soldiers were volunteers without pay. As long as they were on American soil they were not obliged to hold themselves to the order of anybody. They were practically civilians. For until they got to Cuba they could not

be enrolled in the Cuban army. Meanwhile, they told their officers to go to all sorts of hot places. Nine o'clock, taps; still no orders. They lay down on the bare floors of the old building, which was still redolent of leaf tobacco. They had no blankets and no overcoats; therefore they had neither bed nor pillow. But they slept on their machetes.

Ten o'clock—what was this? Reveille! Peculiar time for the buglers to blow reveille. They fell out of bed; that is, they sprang from the floor. They filtered out through the doors. Many jumped out of the windows. They thrust their officers aside and formed a line to suit themselves. Then they forward-marched without any attempt at keeping step. They straggled, both regiments, in a sort of line. Into a railroad train they filed. This train took them nine miles, through the night, to Port Tampa. Here a big steamer awaited them. They went aboard, any old way, to suit themselves. No wonder Uncle Sam had decided to send these Cubans to Cuba. The ship was the Florida. Soon after daylight, May 18, the steamer sailed away—toward Cuba. Four hundred and twenty Cubans were aboard. The remaining three hundred and eighty were left behind; that is, they had straggled in such an independent, go-as-you-

please manner that they arrived at the wharf long after the Florida had steamed away.

Before the steamer sailed I asked one of the Cubans: "Well, how do you like the prospect of fighting?"

"Oh! well, we have to fight, and that settles it. If we had known we would be ordered to Cuba so soon we would not have enlisted."

This was exactly the answer I expected from that particular man. For only a few weeks before I had met him, as a fellow-passenger, on a steamer going from Havana to New York. It was a rather bad voyage. Sometimes the ship tried to stand on end—a fact which nearly every day rendered this Cuban so frightened that he threw himself prostrate on the deck, before us all, crying: "I have but one wife, I have but one wife." When the sea grew calmer he explained that he didn't mind drowning himself, but he feared for his wife.

Beside the machete, the Springfield rifle, and the revolver, the individual equipment of the four hundred and twenty men consisted of a tin cup, iron knife and fork, a canteen, a hammock and a piece of oilcloth such as is used on tables in cheap restaurants. The hammock and the oilcloth were the principal things—for they were off on a Cuban campaign. Twenty Cubans will

swing hammocks in a place where an American would say there was room for only one. They stick up a central pole, and from this to the surrounding uprights suspend twenty or more hammocks—like ribbons from a maypole. This is something our American soldiers will have to learn.

What was the object of this expedition? First, to land the four hundred and twenty Cubans; second, to land a cargo of supplies and ammunition for the insurgent army. On board the Florida were ten million rounds of cartridges, ten thousand Springfield rifles, two thousand dynamite shells for Sims-Huntley dynamite guns, and three thousand machetes. There was also enough bacon, cornmeal, hard bread and quinine to last a good part of the Cuban army two or three months.

But why has no word about that expedition been printed. Because the government wanted it kept secret. Because the press censor at Tampa positively stated that any correspondent who allowed his paper to mention the matter would be forthwith expelled from Florida, his pass would be taken from him, and he would not be allowed to go to Cuba with the army.

The excuse for this secrecy was that the little side-wheel steamer, the Gussie, the week before,

had tried to land that same cargo on Cuba's shore, but had failed. Failed because of the publicity given to the expedition by the American press. The Spanish, being thus informed about the movements of the Gussie, were prepared to meet her. So when the Florida sailed the press censor sent out the edict ordering the strictest secrecy. Since then the expedition on the Florida has had time to accomplish its object, and he who will may tell the Spaniards all about it.

The expedition was really a kind of filibustering. In order to land her cargo the Florida was obliged to observe all the regular tactics used by filibusters before the war began. The Florida touched at Key West, where a disagreement arose between the two commanders of the expedition. For a time it looked as if the Cubans would be disbanded and sent home. General Sanguilly said he was a major-general and was therefore in command. General La Cret said he was a brigadier-general but ought to be major-general. Finally, they patched the matter up and the Florida sailed, intending to land at a point in Puerto Principe, midway between Matanzas and Santiago.

The most interesting thing about any body of armed Cubans is the machete. The weapon is put

to most extraordinary uses. It is indispensable while marching through the underbrush in Cuba. Machete experts march ahead of a column, hewing the way. They use the blade so deftly that you can hardly perceive a movement on their part. The great, thick leaves of cacti and all sorts of heavy undergrowth gives way before them as if hewn away by an unseen hand.

In General Blanco's palace in Havana I saw fourteen Mauser rifles that had been cut in half by an insurgent machete in battle. The idea seemed impossible. But there hangs the proof. Blanco saves them as curiosities.

After the Cubans, how about our own troops? What was their real condition before starting for the fight? In my journal, dated headquarters of the army, under canvas, at Tampa, June 16, I wrote as follows:

The plain, unvarnished truth about the bodily condition of our army to-day is a commentary that should be heeded and cannot be challenged. The chiefs of the commissary and quartermaster departments can no longer plead the excuse of inexperience. For they have now had two months' practical experience in equipping troops, that is, in attempting to equip them. For the forty thousand soldiers now at Tampa are only *half-clothed*, half-equipped and half-fed.

For the purpose of getting at the exact condition of affairs I have lived with our soldiers under canvas, slept and ate with them, chummed with them. And I am bound to say, without one intentioned thought of disloyalty to the powers that be, that thousands of our soldiers are hungry, that they are improperly clothed, that the water supply is inefficient, and that under the present conditions hundreds of soldiers, instead of going forward to Cuba or Porto Rico, will go back to the army hospital at Chickamauga. Even now they are loading the hospital train with sick soldiers whose sickness is the result of needless exposure in a hot climate and of insufficient or improper food.

The first expedition to Cuba has sailed. But it was not ready. Not a single soldier should have been sent to Cuba till he was supplied with a thin uniform, a hammock, and a rubber blanket. Yet, with the exception of a few enterprising officers who bought these necessaries in Tampa, not one soldier in Shafter's army carried the equipments necessary for a tropical campaign. The Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts not only wore the same uniforms they would wear in a Canadian campaign, for instance, in winter, but some one made the grave mistake of allowing them to carry over-

coats—overcoats weighing ten pounds each. While they were in camp here these two regiments never had sufficient food or an adequate water supply. The officers, while at Lakeland, boarded at the nearest farmhouses—any place where they could find food properly cooked. And I am bound to say that some of their discomforts were the result of their own ignorance and inexperience—a statement which applies to all the volunteer regiments at Tampa.

The quartermasters and commissaries of volunteers have not yet learned how or where to draw clothing and rations. With whole train loads of supplies standing within sight on car tracks, the supply officers have allowed their regiments to go hungry and ill-clothed rather than run the risk of breaking one red-tape rule.

These same officers knew that fresh meat was to be had, but they knew not how to make the necessary red-tape requisition to get it. Even when they did learn the ropes, as it were, they failed to make the best use of their knowledge. The chief commissary of Shafter's staff said to me: "All commissaries of regiments must hand me their requisitions for fresh meat before four o'clock each day. Thus I informed them. Instead of strict obedience the volunteer commissaries would stroll up to my tent long after four

o'clock and long after all requisitions had gone in. When I said 'too late,' the volunteers said they did not understand that I meant four o'clock exactly. Meanwhile, their men are eating salt pork."

Even when the volunteer officers have learned to draw rations there is often not a man in the regiment who knows how to cook. As a result, the men have often been sick by good food badly cooked. At one time the food famine reached such an alarming state that for days volunteer soldiers slouched about the streets of Tampa, going from door to door begging for food. When a soldier begs, he certainly must be hungry. No one refused them. And many citizens of Tampa will testify to feeding many volunteer soldiers every day.

As a matter of fact, the regular army rations are amply sufficient for even the hungriest of men; the amount is even more than many men need or care for. For this reason there is a privilege given to soldiers to save what they can for regular rations and exchange the saving for luxuries, such as condensed milk, fresh vegetables and fresh fruit and beer. The Seventy-first New York tried the saving process with the result that the men received less and less food and no luxuries at all. In the first place the

cooks of volunteer regiments seldom cook enough to go around. Nine or ten men in each company, for this reason, often went to bed supperless Then when it came to saving out coffee in order to exchange it for condensed milk, the cooks saved so much that the coffee was not coffee at all, but simply colored water.

In visiting the various camps I found tho Georgia regiment wearing the Confederate gray —no attempt having been made to supply the men with proper uniforms. The Michigan regiment was without food—that is, to a large extent. Payday came, but no pay, and the conditions were worse than ever; for the men had no money with which to buy absolute necessities. As soon as the paymaster did appear, the shoe stores of Tampa sold out their stocks of shoes.

In the quartermaster's departments the inefficiency is even worse than in the commissary. The volunteer troops are detrained at Tampa like so many head of cattle—excepting that cattle would have some sort of owner or keeper or guide to lead them to their grazing grounds. The volunteer troops, however, must stand in the sun or the rain for hours, till some one hunts up a camping ground. Every regiment is supposed to have thirty wagons and one hundred and twenty mules to transport supplies from trains

to camp. But many of the regiments at Tampa have only three wagons and only nine mules. Men who could sleep under tents at night, often are obliged to sleep on the wet ground till their three wagons can do the work of thirty, and bring up their supplies.

In the matter of water, the facts have not been exaggerated. Many of the boys at Tampa actually have to go one or two miles for water—for which water the government pays the Plant System two cents a gallon. When the water is really near the camps it is served out by the Plant System from barrels (at two cents a gallon), and when the barrels run dry, why, the boys must go thirsty or drink Plant System beer at five cents a glass.

If this is a war for humanity's sake, the government's first act of humanity should be toward the men who do the fighting. How can we expect men who are half-clothed, half-fed, and half-equipped to make good fighters? Men who are so poorly supplied with food or whose food is so poorly cooked that they have to buy pies and sweet cakes and acid water called lemonade from passing venders to satisfy their appetites, do not make good soldiers.

Our soldiers in Tampa live under the broiling *sun, sweltering,* with the thermometer at 100

degrees. Here they are exposed to needless hardships in the enervating climate of Florida, when they should have been broken in to field duties in the cool, bracing north. Here they are without uniforms suitable to hot weather. Here they are eating bacon when they should be eating fresh fruits and vegetables. They sweat and sweat, night and day, in cowhide boots, winter trousers, thick flannel shirts and heavy felt hats, when they ought to have straw hats, cotton trousers and flimsy shirts. And sweating, they sleep in sand, dirty sand, that clings to their clothing and gets in their food. Dysentery has overtaken all the camps and the doctors are busy. Certainly our soldiers are neglected—a neglect that is almost cruelty. Who is responsible?

APPENDIX.

Most of the stories, letters and sketches in this volume appeared originally, during and right after the war, in the following publications:

"Leslie's Weekly," "Collier's Weekly," McClure's Syndicate of Newspapers, "The Metropolitan Magazine." "The Home Journal" "The Christian Herald," "Ev'ry Month," and the newspapers of the American Press Association.

To the courtesy and kindness of the editors and publishers of the above publications, the author and publisher of this work is indebted for permission to reprint the material here under the general title: "The Triumph of Yankee Doodle."

Gilson Willets.

YANKEE DOODLE
IN
CAMP.

THE TRIUMPH OF YANKEE DOODLE.

PART I.

YANKEE DOODLE IN CAMP.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HEARTHSTONE TO BATTLEFIELD.

A CHILD was playing among the monuments on Snodgrass Hill in Chickamauga National Park. The monuments were all covered with words cut in the marble to perpetuate the story of a terrible battle which had been fought there more than thirty years before the child was born. She ran her fingers in the depressions made by the letters W-a-r. She was pink and fresh. Night was near. She was Dawn playing in the twilight.

An old man with a sickle hacked at the grass around the base of the monuments. He worked with one eye. His other eye was on the child. Finally with both eyes he looked abroad. At the base of the hill he noticed that some of the top rails had fallen from the fence. A park-

keeper's first duty it to keep the fences up. This old man descended the hill in the performance of such a duty. He passed a small pond. A huge signboard told that this was "Bloody Pond;" that during the battle of Chickamauga wounded soldiers dragged themselves there to drink. While drinking, scores of them fell in and the water turned to blood. On the other side of this pond was the railroad track. While the old man restored the fallen rails to the fence-top there was a sudden shrieking in the distance. A train was giving notice of its approach. The old man rejoined the child among the monuments on the top of the hill. It was now nearly dark. Still there was light enough for the child to run its finger in the grooves made in the marble by the letters D-e-a-t-h. Great fun. The child laughed. Night came and hid the words War and Death.

Old man and child started homeward. Home was one of the log cabins at Park Headquarters where the workmen lived. As they passed the battlefield railroad station the train which had shrieked notice of its approach bellowed up. This train was in three sections, thirty-five cars in all. With the engine at the station, the last car was half a mile out in the night.

Out of these cars came a thousand men—most

of them jumped from the windows. There were bugle calls, a lively tooting, business-like airs. The thousand men formed in a battle-line up and down the track. In front of each hundred men a man with a lantern on his arm called the roll. From the ranks adown the line came the answer "Here." After that they counted fours. Then, forming a column, they marched away from the train, skirted Bloody Pond, ascended Snodgrass Hill, and, among the monuments, broke ranks. As it was too late to pitch tents, the thousand bivouacked; that is, they built fires, appointed sentries, went to bed supperless under the stars, with the earth for a mattress. A bugler played a slow, plaintive air. Taps. The thousand went to sleep.

The old man and the child had been watching.

"Gran'pa, what's dose mans doin'?" the child asked.

"War," the old man said.

"What's war, gran'pa?"

And the old man answered, "Death."

This beginning of war and death took place on the night of April 20th just past. The thousand men who jumped from the train and bivouacked on Snodgrass Hill composed the Twenty-fifth Infantry, from Fort Assiniboine, on the northern border of Montana. They had been

nine days on the train, sleeping on car seats, living on two meals a day—canned beans and canned corned beef and coffee. They were worn out, still they were happy, for in the Spanish-American war they were the first in the field. Thus began the mobilization of the United States Army. Thus among the monuments was formed the nucleus of Camp Thomas, named in remembrance of the general who, thirty-five years before, had led the boys in blue over that same Snodgrass Hill to victory on the field of Chickamauga.

The next morning the old man and the child appeared at the foot of Snodgrass Hill. The fence rails which the old man had so carefully adjusted the night before had disappeared. So had the entire fence. It had made fine campfires for the Twenty-fifth. Then, too, the grass about the monuments was trampled into the earth. The old man looked at the soldiers reproachfully. The soldiers ignored the old man. But they saw the child.

"Come here, little 'un."

"No; come here."

"What's your name, kid?"

"Shut up; it's a girl."

The child toddled from soldier to soldier. A corporal gave her a drink of coffee out of a can-

teen. A sergeant had a doughnut which he had bought on the train. It was his breakfast. He thrust it into the child's dimpled hand. A bugler put the child on his shoulder, carried her down to Bloody Pond, and gave her a drink out of his tin cup. The cup was mirrory. In this shiny thing the child made faces and laughed gleefully. When the soldier tried to take the cup from her she began to cry. He told her the cup was hers to keep. She brightened. The soldier smiled grimly. Now, when thirsty, he would have to borrow a comrade's cup.

Later, when they broke bivouac on Snodgrass Hill and marched toward their permanent camp in another part of the field, they took the child with them, carrying her on the Red Cross stretcher. They promised the old man they would bring the little 'un home at night. Thus the child attached herself to the Twenty-fifth.

Two weeks later eighteen regiments were encamped at Chickamauga. Every day had brought trainloads of soldiers. Twelve thousand of them were now in the field. Here now were thousands of horses and mules, hundreds of supply wagons and ambulances, mountains of hay—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. In the midst of this military wonderland roamed the child. Her eyes remained wide open in perpetual amazement.

She sucked her thumb a great deal. Every man of the twelve thousand knew her. When she toddled over to the cavalrymen the infantrymen were jealous. The artillerymen tried to secure her especial favor by allowing her to sit on one of the big guns with wheels.

This child already had the instincts of a woman. She never allowed her artilleryman to kiss her until her cavalryman had turned his back.

So she wandered around the city of canvas houses, a city in which no woman lived and in which she was the only child. At reveille some of the citizens came over to the log cabin at Park Headquarters and took her from the old man. Before retreat they brought her back. The old man now spent his days sitting in his doorstep, smoking his pipe. There was no grass to mow; for the soldiers had reduced the grass to brown earth, from which arose clouds of dust.

The child liked riding horseback. The mail carriers of the cavalry regiments stuffed the mail in a nose bag and carried the child in the post bag. The buglers permitted her to blow in their bugles till she nearly burst her cheeks. Soldier-blacksmiths on the field showed her how to shoe a horse.

One evening she found herself in the Twelfth

Infantry camp, three miles from the old man on the log cabin doorstep. Instead of sending her the three miles on the back of one man, she was transported via the backs of some fifty-odd sentries, each sentry carrying her down the line and turning her over to the sentry on the next post. She ate her breakfast with the men—bacon and fried potatoes and coffee. And her dinner—beans and stewed tomatoes and coffee. And her supper—bacon and fried potatoes and coffee. When she sat on the damp ground the soldiers would scold and make her a throne-chair of straw. Once the commissary-sergeant carried her to the top of the mountain of hay where she could see over the whole camp. Amid the thousands of tents she saw thousands of men. Hundreds of them were doing the same thing at the same time. Troopers were taking their horses to the Chickamauga Creek for water. An artillery regiment was striking camp, having been ordered to Tampa. Thirty minutes after the order was received the artillerymen's tents were down and they were marching toward the railroad. In an infantry camp there was an unexpected call to arms—just for practice. Three minutes later the men of that regiment, having instantly dropped their individual tasks, stood forth in line of battle, armed and ready to repulse an enemy.

On the way down the hay mountain the trooper's spur caught in something and he fell headlong—not far. The child cried as if her heart would break. Then, perceiving that the trooper was not hurt, she said, "Man nice man!" And she kissed him right in the sight of a hundred other troopers, who thereupon perceived that the way to win a woman is to go get hurt and arouse her pity.

One day at drill an infantrymen happened to drop his pistol. It went off and lodged a ball in a comrade's leg. The wounded one was carried to the Red Cross tent. The child followed, grasping the stretcher with her little hands in a mighty effort to help the carriers. Of all the twelve thousand men in camp at Chickamauga, this wounded soldier was the only one on the sick-list. Everyday to the hospital came the child. She would sit on a soap box by the wounded man's side, sometimes for hours, moving not a muscle, just gazing at her comrade in profound pity. Once she kissed him, having climbed up on the cot to do so. Then she ran away as if abashed.

At last, after days of regimental, brigade, and division drill, the troops began maneuvering as an army—as one body. From a hill in the centre Major-General John Brooke, commanding,

directed the maneuvers. A sham battle began. A picket line was thrown around the entire camp, thus guarding the three square miles within which the troops were massed. Skirmish lines advanced, fell flat on their stomachs, fired at an unseen enemy, then arose, advanced and again fell to the ground. The light batteries boomed and boomed, and regiments of infantry stood ready to back them up. Whole regiments of cavalry, ready with carbines, sabers, and pistols, charged imaginary foes. There was firing, but no blood-shedding. There was fighting without carnage, all the tricks and strategies of battle without conflict, an engagement without a foe, a game of solitaire on a gigantic scale.

In this smoke-enshrouded field, amid the volleys, the rattle of rifles, the booming of the batteries, the tooting of bugles, the shouts of the officers and the yells of the men, a child toddled, chewing her thumb. As she emerged from the woods and advanced across the open toward the masses of cavalry, the troopers heard the order, "Charge!"

Instantly four thousand troopers tightened rein and four thousand horses rushed forward. Then they saw the child coming toward them across the open. Good God! four thousand cavalrymen were charging full speed upon a child!

Those in front tried to stop. They could not. The troopers behind, not understanding, urged them forward. In a moment the hoofs of four thousand horses would trample out that little life.

Those in front cursed the ranks rushing upon them from behind. Was there no way to avert this dreadful murder?

Yes. Out of the front rank a trooper suddenly shot forward, dashed on, reached the child, caught her up, and, holding her in his arms, again dashed on just in time to avoid the shock of collision with the onrushing troopers.

Heroic trooper! Who was he? General Brooke wanted to know. From his station on the hill he had seen all. The maneuvering over, he sent for that gallant trooper and for the child.

The trooper belonged to the Tenth Cavalry, a colored regiment. This hero was as black as licorice. He and his comrades of the Tenth are all daredevils and daring riders.

General Brooke praised him; the trooper displayed two rows of wonderful white teeth and retired.

Then the dignified general, the disciplinarian, the commanding officer of the Army of Invasion, took the child in his arms.

"What is your name?"

"Missoura," answered the little one.

(I have forgotten to mention that Missoura's "gran'pa" is the color of Uncle Tom.)

"Well, Missoura," General Brooke said, "you're the finest pickanniny in all Georgia."

But Chickamauga is only one of the many camps scattered throughout the Union which have all in a moment been converted from peaceful parks into hives of bustling, warlike humanity. Every State in the Union has its camp where the National Guard twice a year receive their instructions in the rudiments of soldiering. It is a big task this of fitting one hundred and twenty-five thousand peaceful citizens, accustomed to all the comforts of home and city, for the rough, hard life of campaigning in an enemy's country.

New York, as the most populous State in the Union, furnishes the largest quota, fifteen thousand men, for whose accommodation it has been found necessary to have two camps—the regular State camp at Peekskill, and another improvised one at Hempstead, L. I. Each contains about the same number of men.

To a stranger from one of the great military countries, like Germany or France, it might seem an impossible task to create in a few weeks from practically untrained material an army of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men.

From the very beginning, even at single camps like Peekskill or Hempstead, the work is hard, for both haste and thoroughness are essential. First of all, the camp itself has to be prepared, the spaces allotted to the different companies, the streets mapped out, water pipes laid, and a hundred and one little details, apparently slight but really of great importance, considered. Then down come the men by train or ferryboat, each loaded with his cooking can, his blanket, his arms and ammunition, and a few simple necessaries. But the real work is the training. This is only accomplished by assiduous drilling, maneuvering, and instruction. The aspirant to military honors has no sinecure. His work begins at 5:30 A. M. with the reveille, and ends at 10 P. M. with taps, and in that period he has little leisure; it is a succession of marchings and counter-marchings, wheelings right and left, standings, often at attention and less often at ease; and the end and object of all is to learn to obey promptly and readily one directing will in battle.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP LIFE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

I HAVE asked as many as two hundred men in the different camps how they like the prospects of fighting.

Answer: "We have no dread of Spanish bullets, but we do dread the fever."

Answer: "We swore to serve our country. We will keep our oath."

Answer: "We might as well die now as later."

Answer: "None of us think of the danger. Each of us thinks he will be the one to escape the bullets."

Answer: "All we ask is a chance to fight. We want this thing over with as soon as possible; we prefer battle to suspense."

The Seventh Infantry have what might be called a regimental answer. Officers have it printed on their letter-heads; the enlisted men have it stencilled on their tents. It reads: "Ready at a minute's notice."

"We are going to fight for our country, *humanity* and revenge. Remember the Maine."

These words, written on a card in a hand indicating intelligence, were thrown from a troop-train as it passed through Chattanooga. That card is now posted in a conspicuous place in Chattanooga's leading hotel. The words have become famous, for they express the sentiment of the rank and file of the United States army in the Spanish-American war. The train from which this card was thrown was carrying the Ninth Cavalry (colored) to Chickamauga Park, thirteen miles from Chattanooga.

Northerners think this place of mobilization is in Tennessee. Not so. It is in Georgia. Northerners also have the impression that the troops are massed all together in the center of the park. Again, not so. There are eighteen camps spread over twelve square miles, some of the regiments being miles apart. The whole has been christened Camp George H. Thomas, in honor of the general whose command won victory for the Union troops in the battle of Chickamauga in September, 1863.

The battlefield is twelve miles square. On the hills, scores of white monuments. On the plains, thousands of white tents. The monuments tell of a battle fought on these hills in a war thirty-five years ago. The tents give notice of the Spanish-American war of the present.

Twelve thousand men flitting here and there, singly or in bunches of a hundred or a thousand. Four thousand horses eating hay adown forty picket lines. Fifteen hundred mules tied to the wheels of hundreds of supply wagons and ambulances, a mule to each wheel. At night a thousand campfires and five hundred sentries with bayonets a-shoulder. In the center of all on a hill, four big tents—headquarters of Major-General John Brooke, commanding the army of invasion, and his staff. This is Camp George H. Thomas, in Chickamauga Park. It is not unlike the other military camps at Mobile, New Orleans, or Tampa, the centers of mobilization, save that the latter encampments are composed only of infantry, while at Chickamauga we have all the branches of the service—artillery, cavalry, and infantry. Thrown in, we have also a signal corps, an engineer corps, a balloon corps, a photograph corps, and the heads of all departments, such as commissary, quartermaster, physicians and surgeons, the Red Cross, and more than our share of colored troops and stragglers.

The only chaplain in the field is the Rev. Bateman, of the Twenty-fifth Infantry. He has called upon the pastors of Chattanooga, thirteen miles away, to come and help him on Sundays. Now every Lord's day at three o'clock are held services, attended by thousands of soldiers.

All the spare room in the farmhouses round about is occupied by the wives of officers and by newspaper correspondents. Table board is at a premium. Visitors pour into the field by the thousand. They rush by the sentries, and peek into the officers' tents, as people do at a park menagerie. The visitors are an annoyance to the troops. They are always in the way, and to the soldiers falls the task of "policing" the camp, picking up the multifarious refuse of multitudinous lunch-baskets left by visitors.

A trooper thinks first of his mount, and second of his stomach. In the field, therefore, cooks are very important, and very much-abused persons. If the dinner is late, if green wood won't burn, if the coffee is scorched, the cook is blamed. The men help the poor cook out by stealing, or, rather, by foraging. They confiscate stray pigs, corral any cow in sight, plunder henroosts, and carry off soft-drink stands bodily. The guilty ones are never discovered, and the guardhouses remain empty.

The mobilization of troops is really the act of making many mobs into one huge mob. Instead of the chaos of a mob, however, here are system and discipline, leaders and followers. But what havoc even an orderly mob makes in a landscape! When the troops first arrived here, Chickamauga

was a place of green fields. Now the fields are all brown earth, and dust flies in clouds. Woods have been reduced to fields of stumps, for firewood must be had at any sacrifice. With ten kitchens to each of the eighteen regiments, and scores of campfires for each regiment every night, no wonder fences and woods are disappearing!

Wherever troops are in the field, whether here at Chickamauga, or further south at Tampa, Mobile, or New Orleans, the soldier's life is the same. Rain or shine, reveille calls him at 5:20 A. M. From then until tattoo at 9 P. M. he drills in the broiling sun or works knee-deep in mud in the pouring rain. He sleeps on straw in his tent, and takes his clothes off only when he bathes in a nearby stream. He lives in a city of three thousand or four thousand canvas houses. He sees this city lighted at night by a thousand campfires and policed by a thousand sentries. He is happy, for he is healthful. At Chickamauga the only man in a Red Cross tent is one who was accidentally wounded in the leg by a comrade who dropped a pistol while at drill. These vacant hospitals are significant; for they show that the men can stand sudden changes of climate. All the regiments at Chickamauga came from the coldest States of the Northwest.

These regiments in particular are held at Chickamauga, in order that they may become accustomed to the heat before the command is given: "On to Cuba!"

Soldiers in the field have a way of spreading themselves over a vast tract of territory. The twelve thousand at Chickamauga camp are in evidence along the whole thirteen-mile stretch between the battlefield in Georgia and Chattanooga in Tennessee. Even in the city the men are peaceful and orderly, except the colored troops. Of these there are four regiments here, two of infantry and two of cavalry. As only a few of them have been in the South before, they have exaggerated ideas of how Southerners treat negroes. They imagine they are hated, and they resent this hatred by making things uncomfortable for helpless whites. Up to their old tricks of stealing chickens and pigs, some of them have been mortally wounded by outraged farmers. One night a howling band of colored troopers at the points of pistols took forcible possession of the Black Maria in Chattanooga, because the police were arresting a wench. Since then, General Brooke has issued an order that side arms must not be worn by men "on pass."

In the ranks of the black troopers, however, are some of the finest specimens of physical man-

hood. They ride their horses as if born in the saddle.

The only colored officer in the army is here: Lieutenant Young, of the Ninth Cavalry. Visitors made up principally of the colored population of Chattanooga have become so numerous in the park that General Brooke has been obliged to put the camp on a war footing. Rope fences have been put around all the regimental camps, and now one cannot get inside the lines without a passport.

The mascots in the Chickamauga army are not always dogs. The Sixteenth Infantry has an eagle, the Twelfth Infantry a coyote, the Ninth Cavalry a monkey, the Fifth Artillery a parrot, and the Seventh Infantry, a little homeless wanderer, a boy of twelve years.

The colored troopers have a glee club, and every regiment has its bicycle squad, used as orderlies, messengers, and letter-carriers. Mail is distributed with the same system that characterizes everything else in the field. The buglers blow mail call four times a day. The mail carrier from each regiment, bag a-shoulder, goes to the post office and brings the mail to the first sergeant of each company, who, in turn, distributes it to the men. The post office at Battlefield Station, which formerly sold four

stamps a day, now sells eight thousand in the same time. For every man in our army can read and write. The sale of postage stamps shows that about two-thirds of the men write a letter every day.

CHAPTER III.

ON A TROOP TRAIN FROM TENNESSEE TO FLORIDA.

FORTY-FIVE cars in all. Train divided into three sections. Each section in sight of the other, like city cable cars in the rush hours of the evening. A thousand troopers in day coaches. A hundred officers in sleepers. Eleven hundred horses in stock cars. Every car window frames a face. Red, white and blue bunting hiding the numbers of the coaches. Stars and Stripes waving from the platforms. Troopers seated on the coal on the tender. Troopers on top of the coaches. Troopers hungry and dirty and going to war armed to the teeth.

Chickamauga is seventy miles behind. We reach Atlanta, enter the station hooting, screeching, cat-calling. Corned-beef and beans travel from cans to ravenous mouths. Caldrons of scalding coffee come out of the station restaurant. The troopers eat. The soldiers have twenty-one cents each to spend for coffee per day. Some of them spend it all at once. Never

mind. The coffee was good. Nearly the entire population of Atlanta crushes into the station and around the train. They cheer the boys in blue, who laugh and nod and shout.

General O. O. Howard, one-armed Union veteran, boards our train. So does General Joe Wheeler, undersized Confederate veteran. The two generals stand on the rear platform arm in arm; and the populace of Atlanta cheers itself hoarse. General Wheeler is on the way to lead the cavalry in Cuba. General Howard is coming to show the boys the ways of a Christian. He represents the Y.M.C.A.

The trains rush on. Jacksonville next stop. We thunder over the road, away from the red clay of Georgia to the white sand of Florida. It's an all-night run. The men must coil upon the car seats and sleep the best they can. In the sleepers porters have put our two generals and our officers to sleep in comfortable beds.

A drummer boy is ill. The rocking of the train, its careening as it rushes round the curves, make him, practically, seasick. Earnest solicitude on part of men. And sympathy and attention. "Here, boy, take this. 'Twill do yer good." And whisky is poured into his mouth. It's all they have, in the way of medicine, these men on the way to war. And the doctors are asleep in the forward Pullman.

Jacksonville—just at sunrise. Jacksonville is out of bed. Fifteen thousand people greet us at the station. We jump off, pace the platforms, just to stretch aching limbs.

Again on, to Tampa—an all-day's run.

The sun—phew! it's hot. Some of the men on the sunny side of the car envy the men on the shady side. Still, many of those on the shady side offer their seats to those in the sun. They are willing to take turns—in the sun. They do. No sitting atop the cars now. The sun is broiling. We are in the land of tall palms and of white sand. The soldiers sing "Suannee River." Fine voices. The band get out their pieces and play "Old Black Joe." Anything to pass the time—on the way to war.

Do they think of war? of Cuba? of battle? of death? Some of them seem quiet. I saw tears —yes, surely those were tears dropping down the cheeks of a swarthy trooper. Perhaps he was affected by the singing. "Suannee River" is a melody sad and weary. Or perhaps he is thinking of Molly, his wife, or of Kitty, his little baby-girl. On, on to war—some jolly, some sad. Some make brave attempts at cheerfulness. These are the intelligent men, or rather the more intelligent, more refined. See these lads, really boys, sons of officers; accustomed to

refinement, luxury, gentleness. The troopers, some of them, curse and swear—on the way to war. Somehow the swearing and cursing is a shock to the refined ones. Still, rations and coffee and Tampa are near.

Tampa? No—we do not get off at Tampa. On to Port Tampa, nine miles distant. All local trains make way for us. From the car window we see miles of tents, the biggest concentration of troops since the Civil War.

At Port Tampa, near the Inn, we disembark, go into camp. The poor horses, how they have suffered on the thirty-six hours' journey! They have had neither water nor hay. The members of the First rush to their mounts. A kindly pat, a friendly dig in the ribs. Horses neigh and are led off to the picket lines.

Here is more evidence of war than at any point in all the vast area of these United States. Tents around the edge of the bay; camps for miles, as far as you can see. Supply wagons forming trains miles long. And hospital and Red Cross wagons. And mules and horses. Our regiment needs milk—or rather, we want to treat ourselves to milk. We buy a cow of a neighboring colored farmer. The quartermaster-sergeant and the corporal of the guard begin *milking it.* No milk. Ah, the farmer had

delivered the cow at 5 P. M. according to agreement. But he forgot to mention that he had milked that cow at 4:45 P. M.

We camp on the edge of the bay in sight of a fleet of steamers. Never so large a fleet has been anchored in Tampa Bay. Forty big steamers—transports. Hundreds of soldiers are loading them with ammunition, supplies, medicines, equipments. For we are on the way to war.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH THE TROOPS AT TAMPA.

FROM the bridge of the flagship Olivette I look down a double line of transports a mile long. With a good glass I can just distinguish the white W. on the black funnel of the Ward Line steamer Vigilança at the other end of the line. The twenty-two intervening steamers form a gnarled, chaotic line of masts, funnels, ropes, halyards and flags.

Everyone of these twenty-four vessels is loaded right up to the hatches—two with pontoon bridges; two with bacon and beans and potatoes; many with rifles and bullets and dynamite; and all with coal enough to last thirty days. Every port in each of these low-lying steamers is guarded by a soldier of the United States. A lighted cigar below decks might make things unpleasant. Some of the vessels are so heavily laden that their ports are below the waterline—closed, of course. Here are more ships than a Tampaite would have seen in his

whole lifetime if we had not gone to war with Spain. Some of these ships are painted lead-color, like the gunboats in the harbor. The color, however, is left to the choice of the various shipowners. Most of them have stuck to black.

Here the ships have lain for three weeks, ocean-going army wagons waiting to carry troops to Cuba. As the government pays an average of one thousand dollars a day for each vessel, or twenty-four thousand dollars a day for all, this single fleet has already cost Uncle Sam nearly three hundred thousand dollars. If invasion is put off till fall, the delay will have cost one million five hundred thousand dollars for this one item—a fine thing for the steamship companies.

It is needless to say that the owners of these steamers have at last found a definition of perfect bliss. It is: Get the government to pay you a thousand dollars a day for the use of your ship, while your ship lies at a wharf, costing you less than five hundred a day.

The crew of the Seneca struck recently. So many sailors and stewards had been discharged that those who remained were obliged to work eighteen hours a day. So they refused to work at all. To reduce them to submission the ship's officers deprived the men of food. The crew

starved—rather than do the work of twice their number. Then Uncle Sam stepped in. Why was not a certain work accomplished? Whereupon the ship took back the discharged men, and thus the strike ended in victory for the crew.

Later, a mutiny of another sort occurred on one of the Mallory liners. Learning that their ship might be fired upon by the Spaniards when nearing Cuba, the crew decided that they did not wish to go Cubaward. They swore they would not go—threatened to leave the ship. But now the leaders of that recalcitrant crew are in irons. They have been told that they must go to Cuba or to the nearest prison. For they long ago signed papers agreeing to man the ship and go with it to any port, according to the wish of the United States.

There was never a busier time on the railroads of Florida than when the munitions of war were crossing the State on their way to Port Tampa. For more than two weeks there were as many as fifty miles of freight cars blocking the tracks between Jacksonville and Tampa. Hence came lumber for building stalls and bunks—the first for the horses and mules, the last for the soldiers. Then came whole train-loads of leaden death—cartridges, dynamite shells, torpedoes, and all sorts of ammunition for the Hotchkiss guns, the

Gatlings, and the Sims-Huntley dynamite guns Then came hay, straw, and oats—fodder for animals and food for men. Out of the cars and into the ships flowed the tons and tons of war's necessities. Even now, though the ships are supposed to be ready to sail, there is still loading —and unloading. Several times it has happened that a vessel's entire cargo has been lifted out, and transferred to a newly-arrived transport. This is the result of mistakes on the part of the depot quartermasters, or else it is done to keep the soldiers too busy to think.

The lower decks of the transports are completely scaffolded with bunks and stalls. The stalls are just wide enough to admit a horse, so that, no matter how long the voyage may last, the poor animals cannot lie down. As for the bunks—rough wood affairs—each holds two men. Here must the men sleep, ill or well, miserable or happy, till the end of the voyage. It is proposed to put fully a thousand men on each transport, and in some cases fifteen hundred. As the vessels can accommodate only five hundred comfortably, this overcrowding means trouble and the foundation of sickness. It is practically jeopardizing the health of our soldiers before the Cuban campaign actually begins. Many of the captains of these vessels have carried troops

before, for this or for some other country. Their experiences of the past lead them now to pray that the troops will not remain long aboard ship. Vermin are inevitable, and, with the ports closed in rough weather or a choppy sea, the heat and misery below will be frightful.

The officers, of course, will occupy the state-rooms, and for them the voyage will be as comfortable as for any ocean traveler in time of peace. The non-commissioned officers will be given the second choice of rooms—that is, they will be quartered in what would ordinarily be the second-class saloon.

Certainly the sight presented by this fleet of transports is worth seeing. Twenty-four, in a double line down the wharf, beginning at Port Tampa city with the Vigilança, and ending with the Olivette here at the bulkhead. And beside new ships are arriving every day. Even as I write, the Red Cross steamer, State of Texas, has come in and dropped anchor in the bay, near our protecting gunboats, the Bancroft and the Helena. The Red Cross representative, Dr. Egan, is now here aboard the flagship. He reports that Clara Barton has come up from Key West to await orders from Washington. The government has officially recognized the Red Cross Society. But at the same time, Secretary

Long has advised her not to sail with the transports—advice which is equivalent to a command.

As a matter of fact, the Red Cross will be of far more use here at Tampa than in Cuba. In Tampa Bay, twenty-five miles from the port, the largest hospital of the war has just been established. It is on an island called Egmont Key. A thousand tents, accommodating four men each, have been put up. To this island all the wounded and sick soldiers will be brought over from Cuba. Beside, all soldiers returning from the front, whether ill or well, will be detained here in camp for ten days. The station has, therefore, been named Tampa Camp of Detention.

Even the correspondents will be detained here—as a precaution against carrying Cuban fever into the United States. The station is in charge of Dr. Gettings and Dr. Dudley. Dr. Dudley was for a long time sanitary inspector at Havana—and is the best man that could have been selected for this important station.

And now, at any moment, the army may start for Cuba. As they sail down the bay in this immense fleet of transports, they will pass the hospital island of Egmont Key, and wonder how soon they will be brought there. Will they

arrive there as sick or wounded soldiers? Will they arrive there ever?

Meanwhile the army at Tampa sleeps on its arms, its ears cocked, waiting for the first word of the order: "On to Cuba!"

CHAPTER V.

A SECRET OF STATE.

HERE's a secret of state. Uncle Sam doesn't want the Spaniards to know it. We have been forbidden to mention the subject. Penalty for disobedience: Expulsion from Florida, our military passes made null and void, our connection with the army severed.

The secret is that the steamship Florida sailed from here at noon on the 19th with arms and ammunitions for the insurgents in Cuba. Incidentally her decks were crowded with five hundred Cuban soldiers taken from the two regiments of Cubans just recruited in Tampa. On the 18th, from breakfast till midnight supper, we noticed that the Gussie's cargo was transferring to the Florida. We were curious. The Gussie had sailed to Cuba, tried to land her cargo, failed. Why failure? Because a Cuban, who was really a Spanish spy, had promised to pilot the Gussie to a safe landing. He kept his promise by steering the little paddle-wheel boat into an ambush of five thousand cavalrymen.

Another cause of the failure of the Gussie (so Uncle Sam says) was the publicity given to the expedition by the newspapers. So the government brought back the spy, a prisoner; put the Gussie's cargo on board the Florida, a much larger boat, sent her off with a guard of five hundred Cubans instead of one hundred American soldiers, as on the Gussie; and then gagged the war correspondents.

The Florida expedition is now somewhere off the coast of Cuba. But the Spaniards know it not, for not a word has been printed about it. On the night of the 18th the military powers that be called us before them, saying: "Now, boys, if a single word about this expedition appears in any newspaper you will all be banished from Florida, your military passes will be taken from you, and you will, henceforth, be denied any connection whatsoever with the army, here or in Cuba."

This was hard on the poor correspondents. For two weeks the army here had been sleeping on its arms. We had written everything there was to write, kodaked all there was to kodak. Crestfallen, the correspondents shambled over to the telegraph and wired their papers: "Don't print a word about Cuban expedition leaving *here to-night* on the Florida." But, good

heavens! imagine the consternation among the newspaper men this morning when they received the New York papers. In spread heads they read: "Our correspondents at Tampa wire that we are not to print a word about the Cuban expedition on the steamship Florida, which left there at noon on the 19th—under penalty," etc., etc.

With this expedition sailed Mr. Seely, of Seely dinner fame. A mighty warrior was he. He wore a grass-colored suit, all pockets. From one hip dangled a huge machete; on the other hip a small cannon was planted; in each boot a bowie-knife; over his shoulder a Krag-Jorgensen rifle. He was going, presumably, in search of adventure; but when I asked him, "Wherefore goest thou, O Seely?" he replied, "I go to introduce the reconcentrados to a Seely dinner."

Now in Tampa, in addition to twenty thousand regular soldiers, we have many regiments of volunteers. The free-and-easy discipline in these militia camps is a source of amusement and amazement to our regular army officers. On the day of the arrival of the Florida State troops, Colonel Bell, of the First United States Cavalry, passed several boys in blue on Tampa's main street. They failed to salute. The colonel hailed them, saying: "See here, are you *soldiers?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why don't you salute? I was waiting to return your salute. Don't you know that it is customary to touch your cap to an officer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the militia boys; "but you see, sir, we just arrived."

That same day your correspondent was strolling through the camp of a Massachusetts regiment. Some of the soldiers were cleaning out the underbrush when one of them hailed a passing captain thus: "See here, cap, we've got to have some axes. Yes, cap, you've got to get us some axes before we can go ahead."

On another occasion the colonel and the major of a Florida regiment were sitting on the piazza when two private soldiers of their command appeared. The privates walked straight up to the officers and slapped them on the back, saying: "Come on, Jim, come on, Bill, let's have a drink."

Familiarity of this sort, in the regular army, would mean indefinite imprisonment in the guardhouse for the men. As several United States Army officers have remarked, "Our army can never invade Cuba successfully unless the volunteers learn discipline. And discipline means the complete subordination of individuality."

If you happen to be dark-skinned you have only to appear in camp with a camera to be arrested as a Spanish spy. A young native of Tampa, dark-skinned to be sure, was seen taking photographs of the transports. He was arrested. Charge: Spanish spy. The whole village of Tampa arose as one person and asked General Shafter to release the boy—they had known the boy from babyhood. The general said: "No. The charges are too serious." So the boy was kept a prisoner. His grandmother died. He was not allowed to go to the funeral. His mother was ill, prostrated. The boy was not allowed to see her. At last the ladies of Port Tampa came to the tent where the boy was kept a prisoner. They watched over him, cooking his meals and petting him for two days. Then came the investigation—the boy was found innocent and released. While General Shafter himself felt that the boy was innocent, the charges were of such a serious nature that, against his better judgment, he was obliged to use severe measures. But who trumped up the charges against that innocent boy? The Tampa Cubans. The Cubans here are, indeed, making trouble for everybody. The privates of the two regiments stationed here infested the piazzas of the hotels, jostling United States Army officers aside. Not one of them

could speak English. When told that they would have to go to Cuba to fight they swore that they would not sail under the Stars and Stripes. Nevertheless, Uncle Sam ordered them to go—on the Florida. They went.

And they were a sorry-looking lot. They were only half-clothed, only half-equipped, only half-fed. Among them were several boys of only twelve or thirteen years They were only half-drilled; some of them had been in the ranks only a few days. Yet Uncle Sam sent them away on that important expedition.

Life in Tampa, with the army waiting for the order "On to Cuba!" has reduced itself to drilling by day, dancing at night, and a dreadful feeling of suspense all the time. Correspondents, with wild eyes and idle pencils, rush about as if utterly amazed that the march of events has temporarily come to Parade Rest. Officers sit on the hotel piazzas and flirt with Cuban-American señoritas. The men drink beer made by Plant. Who is Plant? Plant is king of Florida and owner of nearly all the South. He is an old man with brains still young. Into his pockets go ninety-nine cents out of every dollar spent by the army of soldiers and visitors in Florida. Every thing in sight belongs to Plant. Plant is a happy man. He permits no competition, and

insists upon double prices. The soldiers, and, in fact, all of us, must ride on Plant railroads, eat in Plant restaurants, sleep in Plant hotels, use the Plant telegraph, ship goods via Plant Express, drink Plant beer, smoke Plant tobacco, and have your linen washed in a Plant laundry. If this seems an unimportant subject to Northerners, just ask the government how much it is paying daily for the use of land, hotels, railroads, steamships, and other things owned by a man named Plant. The government is paying Mr. Plant twice as much *per diem* for the use of his possessions as we pay the President of the United States per annum for the use of his brains.

CHAPTER VI.

TAMPA VS. KEY WEST.

At Tampa, there you are. At Key West, where are you? This is the difference in feeling between up there and down there. In Key West the sun sets on a mouse-colored fleet. You go to bed feeling that you have the navy just outside your bedroom window. You wake up at daylight—not a ship in the harbor. At Tampa, however, another sort of fleet, a black fleet, is tied securely to the wharf. You go to bed, knowing that, in the morning those black ships will still be tugging at their lines, fore and aft. That's the difference between ships made to fight and ships made to carry troops. The fleet at Key West has a way of getting up steam and going to Cuba. But the ships at Tampa simply stand around like the ocean-going army wagons that they are—waiting to carry soldiers Cubanward.

In Key West you sit on the hotel piazza and *wonder how your* host can have the nerve to

charge you five dollars a day for sleeping on a cot in the hall at night. All around you sit young men in duck trousers and blue serge coats gazing toward the infinite sea. Suddenly, a speck appears on the horizon and the young men in the white ducks come to life. They spring up as one man, upsetting glasses of lemonade and other things in the action and rush for the telegraph office. Every man rushes for himself and the hindmost looks reproachful. Oregon has been sighted. Is one hundred and eighty-two men short. Then, as if by magic, here comes the Mascotte from Tampa, her decks alive with the forms of two hundred and five blue-jackets, naval reserves from Chicago. These men will more than fill the one hundred and eighty-two vacancies on the Oregon. Alas, for the remaining twenty-three? They must be separated from their shipmates and go to the Wilmington or to the Helena, or to some other gunboat. Then here comes the steamship Florida, a transport, with the four hundred and twenty Cubans written about before. There is trouble aboard. Too many captains can wreck a ship. The object of the expedition is to land arms and ammunition for the insurgent army. But the Cubans are fighting among themselves. Suddenly comes an order from Uncle Sam: "Pro-

ceed at once on your mission." That settles it. Cubans are afraid to fight among themselves in Uncle Sam's presence. It might hurt their cause. All this is sent over the telegraph by the young men in the white ducks. Who are they? Correspondents? Yes, and something more. They are naval experts. A naval expert is any newspaper man who has been in Key West several weeks. A naval greenhorn is one who, like your correspondent, has been in Key West several days.

The greenhorn's proper place is in Tampa with the soldiers. He has merely made a flying trip to Key West to see the ships. As there are no ships to see, he takes a ride around the city, fare ten cents. Ten cents for a ride in a victoria! Seems almost out of order after paying that five dollars *per diem* to sleep on a cot in the hotel corridor at night.

This is a wicked town. It's so wicked that the good people have asked to have it put under martial law. Negroes shoot sailors at night. Now, that is very wicked. At Tampa the soldiers shoot, but they only shoot at people in just a playful sort of way. But in Key West the negroes shoot right into the sailors and kill the poor blue-jackets. Under martial law, Key West will probably become a more orderly town; for

then the marines can shoot into the negroes and Uncle Sam will pat them on the back. For these are war times.

Now, perhaps I have shown that in Key West the news comes to the correspondent. In Tampa, however, the correspondent must go to the news. If he should sit on the hotel piazza and gaze across the boundless waste of sand not a speck would he see on the horizon. For the army is not as restless as the navy, and so the army stays right in one spot. The spot is the stretch of sand between the Tampa Bay Hotel and the fleet of transports at Port Tampa.

On this spot stands a city with a population of twenty-seven thousand men. It is a city of ominous silence. For each inhabitant goes about with his ear cocked to hear the first word of the order that will send him to a strange island to fight and kill his fellowmen. This is a city of soldiers—come here and see the difference between the volunteers and the regulars. The regulars have learned discipline. The volunteers are learning, slowly; for camp restrictions are new to these men who, only a few weeks ago, were civilians.

Meanwhile the transports lie patiently waiting, the last bullet and the last ration stored away beneath their hatches. The Olivette, the flag-

ship of the fleet, lies at the head of the wharf, her decks covered with white canvas for the feet of General Miles and his staff to tread upon. In her hold are twelve stalls—four of them for the commanding general's own horses. The Red Cross steamer lies out in the harbor, while Clara Barton is trying to decide whether to go to Cuba or not. The War Department has not ordered her to stay home, but it has advised her not to sail with the transport. The Red Cross steamer is full of food—twenty-one hundred tons of bacon and cornmeal for the reconcentrados. The War Department has advised Miss Barton not to land that food in Cuba—till we are certain that it will reach the reconcentrados. Meanwhile the Red Cross steamer would be most useful if anchored off Egmont Key, the hospital island, twenty-five miles down Tampa Bay, where most of our wounded soldiers will be brought, from Cuba.

The Marine Hospital Board is now getting this island in readiness for the heroes maimed by shot and shell. A thousand hospital tents, with accommodations for four men in each tent, are already pitched and a number of physicians are making themselves at home there.

As the transports steam down the day, past

that island, thousands of the men on the decks will ask themselves: "Shall we return there? Shall we ever come back at all?"

Indeed, while the army is waiting here while it sleeps on its arms during these last days in Tampa, the men are growing thoughtful, preoccupied. They seem absent-minded; but they are all attention. They hear a voice within them and they are listening to it. "What does that inner voice say?" I asked a soldier.

"It says," he replied, "something like this: 'To be or not to be? that is the question.' Whether to kill or to be killed? And to be, means to die."

Thus in these last days before invasion I see a thousand tragedies in Tampa every hour. The men laugh and the women weep, and both say good-by only to say good-by again.

From the highest officer to the lowest orderly, every man feels the seriousness of the hour. Even the crews on the transports are aware that they are about to risk life and limb. Some of these crews have mutinied, swore they will not go to Cuba, threatened to desert their ships. But these same crews have been told that they must go to Cuba or go to prison. They have signed papers agreeing to man their steamers, to stand by them upon any voyage, according to

war's whims. Uncle Sam needs every man. Not one can be spared. Meanwhile a squad of soldiers guards each steamer; not so much to keep the crews in as to keep visitors with lighted cigars out.

CHAPTER VII.

KEY WEST'S SUDDEN FAME.

HERE are twenty thousand people, practically stranded on an island at the southernmost point of the United States. The nearest railroad station is one hundred and ninety miles up the east coast. This railroad claims to run to Key West. It doesn't. At a way station far up the coast you have to change from railroad to steamboat, which takes you to Key West.

This last of the Florida keys was once the first city of Florida, with a population of twenty-three thousand—and that was only a few years ago. But, on account of being so thoroughly cut off from the world and all that in it is, the people decided that the situation was inconvenient, and began emigrating north. They went as far north as Tampa; in fact, they laid the foundation of that very important port. The majority of them were Cuban cigar-makers. After creating the famous brands of Key West cigars, they went up there and began making a cigar which has since

become illustrious as the Tampa cigar. The principal thing in the rivalry between the two towns seems to be the endeavor to make the worst cigar and sell it at the best price.

During these days of war, life at Key West is not on land, but on the water. No man goeth ashore unless he is obliged to. He sleeps ashore, of course. But he wishes the shore were any place but the city of Key West. The hotel is a miniature affair that charges colossal prices. Just at present the many correspondents obliged to register here pay five dollars a day for the privilege of sleeping on a wire cot in the hotel corridor.

During the day, when these correspondents are not on the water, they sit in the hotel in all the glory of clean duck trousers and blue serge coats, and drink lemonade. At the same time they scan the horizon, far out on the infinite sea, with fieldglasses that are more or less one-eyed. Suddenly a speck appears. Whereupon the correspondents spring up as one man, and rush to the telegraph office to wire "any old thing" to their various employers. After that they rush down to the wharf and go down to the sea in small boats to ascertain what that speck on the horizon really was. Having learned the exact nature of the speck—*that is, that it is* the Oregon, or the Wilming-

ton, or the New York, or the entire Schley fleet —they rush back to the telegraph office, and—if the censor will permit—wire the news that the former despatch was not officially confirmed, and that the real fact is—what they have just learned.

At Key West you see a great fleet of warships in the harbor. You go to bed in the belief that, when you wake up in the morning you will see those same vessels from your bedroom window —or, rather, from the window at the end of the corridor. But you look and look in vain. The ships have flown; they were ships that passed away in the night. Hence at Key West you always ask yourself: "Where am I?" And here is the difference between Key West and Tampa. For at Tampa you can always say to yourself: "Here I am!" In other words, you can never be sure of the navy at Key West, while you are always certain that the army will remain right on that spot at Tampa.

Key West is probably the wickedest town in the South. And wicked does not mean criminal. Once in awhile a United States marine stabs a negro, or a negro shoots a blue-jacket But then such things don't count—in Key West. The good people of the town—that is, the minority—have asked to have the place put under martial law But then that doesn't count either.

The thing that really does count is the wickedness, the vice, both of which are rampant. The whole town is one vast "Tenderloin," with Cuban refugees, bad Spaniards, and drifting Americans as its *habitués*. The Cubans won't fight for their island or *Cuba Libre*; the Spaniards won't work; and the Americans follow the example set by the Cubans and the Spaniards. The Americans in Key West, by the way, are chiefly negroes. And most of the negroes speak Spanish, and understand not a word of English. Otherwise, how could such a population hang together? And speaking of hanging—well, a hanging, a general, Southern, go-as-you-please lynching, would be of great benefit to the town of Key West.

Being so thoroughly cut off from the outer world, the Key West people have grown narrow-minded and ignorant, and are wholly without idea of what the rest of the earth is like. Many of them have never traveled even as far as the mainland of Florida. Tell them the United States navy chose Key West as a point of concentration and as a news center because the city was the nearest port to Cuba, and they will not believe it. They believe that our ships come and go, to and from their town, simply because it is Key West.

Meanwhile they have seen more of life, more of the world, more of travelers, more of newspaper men, more ships, more stirring scenes, than ever before in their history. The shopkeepers have grown rich; the saloon-keepers have reaped a harvest; and the town itself has added many thousands to its treasury from the proceeds of wharf and anchorage charges.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARMY LYING ON ITS ARMS.

TWENTY-FIVE transports still waiting at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars per day. Siguranca, of the Ward line, loaded to the hatches yesterday and unloaded to-day—her cargo transferred to the Concho of the Mallory line. Same cargo will probably be taken out of Concho tomorrow and put aboard some other vessel. All this keeps the colored society leaders of Port Tampa very busy at twenty-five cents per hour. As long as a new commissary officer is put on this work every other day the loading of provisions on the wrong ships will continue.

Meanwhile, this flagship, the Olivette, is ready to sail. She is probably the finest vessel in the fleet, and it is certain that she is the fastest. She is all ready to take General Shafter and his staff over to Cuba or to Porto Rico, or somewhere. Twelve stalls between decks—four of them for Shafter's own horses. Olivette is paved

and walled inside with carved mahogany. Mr. Plant, king of West Florida, and owner of all that in it is, figures the Olivette and all its carved mahogany among his possessions. With his usual careful regard for his property, Mr. Plant has caused all the carved mahogany to be covered with nice clean linen cloths. This precaution is taken, probably, to prevent such rough soldiers as General Shafter and his staff from scratching the carved mahogany. The appearance of the Olivette's interior at present resembles the inside of a West End Avenue brownstone front in the month of June and afterward.

Just had a swim up the river in company with a whole company out of a volunteer regiment. Condition of discipline in volunteer regiments worse than reported. Privates still dining with colonels in dining room of Tampa Bay Hotel. Volunteers forget they are now part of regular army, and that in the army promotions are earned and not bought. A lieutenant of volunteers—popular fellow—holds promissory notes bearing the signatures of the major and colonel of his regiment. The notes are security for the return of large amounts of money lent to his superior officers by the gilded lieutenant. Bad practice! The notes are also a promise of favors and of promotions for moneys received. Foolish lieuten-

ants—young and ambitious and trying to purchase better shoulder-straps.

Two deaths in a volunteer regiment in one day. One died because he ate too little, the other because he ate too much. The one crossed the valley of the shadow as the result of not feeding a cold and thus allowing the cold to become pneumonia. The other crossed the same valley as the result of eating pies and doughnuts and candied yams when he should have been eating bacon and beans and fried potatoes.

Perhaps the volunteers will learn that the unpalatable rations furnished by Uncle Sam's surgeon-general are really the best suited for men in the field.

Dawley, well-known correspondent for New York magazines, and until to-day member of General Miles' staff, has been discharged. Here is the document in the case:

"Mr. Dawley.

"Dear Sir: In compliance with your request that I give you a written statement of the cause of your discharge from the position of guide connected with the bureau of Military Intelligence at the headquarters of the army, I have the honor to inform you that you have been discharged because of a general belief, on the part of Cubans especially, that you are out of sympathy with, *and an enemy* of, the Cuban cause. Some of

them have gone so far as to state that you are a Spanish sympathizer. I wish it distinctly understood by yourself and by any people to whom you may show this letter that I have not, and never have had, the slightest doubt as to your thorough loyalty to the interests of the United States, and I have no fault whatsoever to find with you—in fact, nothing but commendation for the manner in which you have performed your duties while connected with this office. But the fact that you are regarded by the Cuban representatives and by other people here, as well as in Washington, as hostile to the Cubans, impairs your efficiency to such an extent as to necessitate your discharge. The nature of the functions of this office is such that thorough confidence on the part of the Cubans is necessary.

"(Signed) "ARTHUR L. WAGNER,
"Assistant Adjutant-General."

To this document Dawley replies "that his position was well defined before receiving his appointment in Washington, and that he accepted the said appointment believing that the Bureau of Information wanted information and not fairy tales." He takes his discharge in a somewhat humorous sense, stating that "it is only another proof that only one kind of information is wanted—that which pleases. The Cubans have been fooling the American people into this war, and now they are fooling the army. After we

have spent millions of money and some lives too, then we will wake up to the fact of having been seriously humbugged."

Such is Dawley's own statement. Now the trouble with Dawley is that he is foolish enough to talk more than the men who believe just what he does—about the Cubans.

There are three thousand Cubans in Tampa. Only about two hundred have enlisted, have taken up arms to fight for their own island. The remaining twenty-eight hundred watch young Americans marching toward the transports ready to give up their lives for the Cuba of those twenty-eight hundred Cubans. And the twenty-eight hundred say: "Well, you see we can't be soldiers, because we are cigar-makers. We sit all day at a table with our backs bent, and we smoke and smoke, and we drink black coffee, and we never take exercise. We cannot walk one mile without losing breath, so how could we march for Gomez—eh?"

I have heard some of these same twenty-eight hundred Cubans sitting in their restaurant in Tampa saying some very uncomplimentary things about the American soldier.

But, after all, these are only petty details; for the great cause is not only Cuba, but our country, humanity, and the Maine.

I see a tiny line of black smoke issuing from the funnel of the Olivette. And all down the line of transports I see the same sort of a tiny line of black smoke issuing from twenty-five funnels. All the regiments of the Fifth Corps under General Shafter have orders to be in readiness to move "on notice." How long will it be before these tiny lines of smoke become great clouds? Some say Wednesday, June 8. Others, June 18 is nearer to the date of actual embarkation. Meanwhile each of the twenty-seven regiments in the Fifth Corps are making requisitions for ten days' travel rations and fourteen days' field rations.

The uniform prescribed for the Cuban campaign has not arrived; that is, not generally. A few officers have ordered uniforms on their own account, and very cool they look in cotton linen. But the rank and file must go to Cuba in cloth uniforms—and sleep on the ground. For the hammocks which we expected to take with us have not arrived. Heavy clothes, no hammocks —is somebody blundering?

This correspondence should really date somewhere off the Cuban coast. For according to the daily newspapers we sailed several days ago. I read that the entire fleet of transports left here June 1, that the expedition stopped at Key West

just to say good-by, and that General Miles in a gunboat is leading the way toward the Windward Passage. All this shows what a fine press censor we have at Tampa, and how good our newspapers prove themselves by printing fakes for the deception of the enemy. I suppose the newspapers are printing pictures this morning showing the location of the fleet of transports somewhere near Santiago. But as a matter of fact we are just terribly snugly anchored here at Port Tampa, and this morning I saw General Miles eating oatmeal in a quiet domestic way with his little son in the palatial dining room of the Tampa Bay Hotel.

And all the others were there, too. Frederic Remington and all of them. They were sitting all around the rotunda. Remington disappeared to change his uniform; that is, he went upstairs to change his yellow suit for a baby-blue one; perhaps in the mornings Remington works for the New York *Journal*, and in the afternoons for *Harpers' Weekly*. And then there were all the wild-eyed correspondents who seemed afraid to speak above a whisper lest the censor hear them. And there were all the volunteer private soldiers lolling on Mr. Plant's cushioned settees and puffing out clouds of death-dealing smoke from *five-cent* Tampa smokers. And there were a great

many people called "Crackers," whom Mr. Plant had just brought down to Tampa on his railroad at fifty cents per capita to see his hotel. Well, these Crackers came into the rotunda, and when they saw the supreme ease with which the volunteer privates lolled around on the settees they decided that they had stepped into a nest of major-generals. It was really pathetic to see General Lee, plump and rotund, sitting in the background of a bay window all unobserved. And with him little and lithe General Wheeler, and the ponderous German military *attaché*, and Captain Lee, the dapper English representative, and in front of all these the little band of hero-worshiping correspondents.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EXPEDITION SAILS AT LAST.

THEY sailed from Tampa this morning at daybreak—June 14, 1898—the twenty-five thousand men under General Shafter, composing the first army of invasion that has ever left the shores of the United States. They were to have sailed on the 7th. They went aboard that day. But they did not sail on the 7th because they were not ready. So they all lived on the ships for a whole week—week of heat that prostrated the men in the holds of the ships, and made even General Shafter miserable. General Shafter's actual weight is three hundred and forty-five pounds. If he should happen to ride in a saddle not made to his order he would break any horse's back. But that is only incidental. From the commanding officer in his luxurious deck stateroom to the last man on the lowest tier of rough wooden bunks in the lower 'tween decks, they suffered. For a whole week the army of invasion was indeed *les miserables*. Then orders came for the expedition to move yesterday. At the last

minute, however, they discovered that the date was the 13th. The ship captains objected. The government humored their superstitions. So the ships did not go down to the sea till this morning.

Now I search the horizon with a fieldglass. The sea is an opal expanse, not a flaw on its surface. The last ship, number thirty-two, has disappeared. Not even a wreath of smoke, not even a mast-top can be seen. All the ships were numbered—from one to thirty-two. They sailed away, four abreast, four lines of eight ships each. Imposing to the sightseer, tragic to the philosopher. They were bound for—? Outside of General Shafter and his staff only one man on the expedition knew whither they were bound. That was Captain Hausen, of the flagship Siguranca, carrying Shafter. The slowest and smallest ship of the fleet, the Gussie, led the way and set the pace. The flagship was in the rear on the right.

What a week this has been, this week of embarkation! Seven days of chaos and confusion. We have been cut off from the world. Not one telegram could be sent, not even a telegram of the most private nature. Last week's mail is leaving to-day. It has been lying in the post office in one of twenty clothes baskets ever since

we attached the postage stamps. The little post office was unable to handle the vast quantity of matter. Soldiers were detailed to help the dazed, amazed postmaster. So the army mail was partly attended to and the civilian mail ignored. Finally the postmaster refused to sell any more stamps—by order of Shafter. Anything to keep the news of the expedition from the newspapers. The boys in blue, however, posted their letters minus stamps. According to law, any letter with the word soldier written on the corner of the envelope in place of the stamp goes "collect at other end."

Of the twenty-five thousand men on the ships half were allowed ashore at a time. As there were barely twelve thousand five hundred square feet of shore for them to stand on, they were about as miserable as on the ships. However, they uttered no complaints, excepting to curse the delay and to criticise the inefficiency of the quartermaster's department. Shore at Port Tampa means a pier, a wharf a hundred feet wide and a mile long. To get a whiff of fresh air the twelve thousand five hundred men sat on the rail along the wharf. For recreation they bathed in the water under the wharf. For a whole week the wives of army officers at the inn at Port Tampa could not leave the hotel piazza—a very

satisfactory imprisonment, since thousands of miserable soldiers were taking a necessary bath.

The expedition has sailed. But did Shafter sail because he was ordered to or because his army was ready? All who know the condition of that army know that if Shafter had waited to sail till his corps was ready he would have postponed the departure for at least one month. The army moves to tropical country wearing the same clothing it wore in Montana, Dakota, Idaho. The uniform worn by those men would be warm enough in the Klondike. The Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts carried their overcoats. Who was to blame? Those overcoats alone, two thousand of them, when piled together, weighed nearly ten tons and took up valuable space on two ships. Now on the wharf lie at least ten tons of food that should have gone with the expedition. Why did those men take overcoats that will only be thrown away before they have marched ten miles into the interior of Cuba? Why was necessary food crowded out? No one is to blame because no one knows who to blame. But, beside the matter of clothing, was the army ready? They carried a small amount of canned roast beef and a vast quantity of bacon. None of the men and only a few of the officers had hammocks. This means that they will sleep

in the mud in an island where the rain comes down sidewise. The principal protection against sickness in Cuba is to keep dry. With the rain pouring every day four or five hours in torrents, how can the men keep dry? Some have ponchos, but only a few have rubber blankets. It would be useless to speak of these things if it were too late to mend. But there is yet time for the War Department to send those brave soldiers twenty-five thousand thin uniforms, twenty-five thousand waterproof blankets and twenty-five thousand hammocks. These things should be sent at once.

One of the most interesting features of this expedition was the number of prominent and wealthy men who accompanied it. Colonel John Jacob Astor, attached to Shafter's staff as acting assistant inspector-general, loafed around the hotel for a whole week with most democratic simplicity. He dined Shafter and several of the staff at the inn every day. And as he was paying for the dinner, he quite rightly took the head of the table, seating Shafter at any old place. Military rank thus gave way to money. Colonel Astor, courteous to everybody, modest all the time, is liked by all with whom he comes in contact.

One morning during the week the crowd at the

inn was so great that the waiters simply could not wait on everybody. So everybody helped himself. John Jacob Astor washed cups and saucers, Theodore Roosevelt went into the kitchen and made coffee, William Astor Chanler cut up a loaf of bread into slices, Richard Harding Davis hunted up the finger-bowls. They had a very fine time.

Two weeks ago we thought it a fine thing to have a number of colonels at the inn. But this week we had generals—generals as thick as formerly we had colonels. Silver stars became as ordinary as crabs along shore.

At last all were aboard; twenty-five regiments of infantry, two light and two heavy batteries, the engineer corps, the hospital corps, the signal corps, and four regiments of cavalry—dismounted. How disheartened those cavalrymen were. The idea of taking away their horses. If there was no room for horses on the transports, then why didn't Shafter take infantry? Without a horse, how can a soldier be a cavalryman? Even the correspondents, after buying expensive horses, could not get their mounts aboard. In the march through the rain and the mud of Cuba (or Porto Rico) only the general officers will ride.

CHAPTER X.

OUR FIRST INVADING ARMY.

THE first army of invasion was not ready, but nevertheless, despite its unpreparedness, it sailed for Cuba. It was neither equipped nor properly clothed, nor had it the right provisions for a tropical campaign; but, just the same, it left Port Tampa at daybreak on the 14th of June. The artillery sailed without horses enough to pull what few guns they took along. The cavalry sailed without any horses at all. Why were they still called cavalrymen? When General Shafter took the horses from under his cavalrymen he took out their hearts. They sailed without interest in their work. With a hundred regiments of foot soldiers to draw from, the cavalrymen could not understand why they should be dismounted. So the army of invasion sailed away to slaughter and yet to victory. Shafter with fourteen thousand five hundred and sixty-four men and seven hundred and seventy-

three officers, in thirty-two transports convoyed by eighteen ships of war.

Outside the harbor they formed four abreast, in four lines, eight in a line. The Gussie, smallest and slowest of the fleet, led the way and set the pace. In the rear, on the right, came the flagship, Seguranca, carrying Shafter and his staff, and Colonel John Jacob Astor. In the staterooms on deck were the seven hundred and seventy-three officers. They were comfortable. They had stewards to wait upon them, and they could have three meals a day in the saloon at fifty cents per meal. Down below, 'tween decks and packed in the lower 'tween decks, were the fourteen thousand five hundred and sixty-four men. They slept in rough wooden bunks, without mattresses, with the ports closed, with the temperature at one hundred and two degrees, and with seasickness as a promise. Even before they started many of the men were overcome by the heat and had to be sent on the hospital train to the army hospital at Chickamauga. For a whole week before sailing those men lived aboard the ships. Miserable, unhappy, dreadful week. Still the soldiers were patient. Their only complaint was that they had to live on the cold food known as travel rations, and they confined their anger to cursing the delay.

On June 6th and 7th General Miles came to Port Tampa. Wrath gathered on his brow. He called up his chief commissary and his chief quartermaster and reprimanded them. No wonder! This is what General Miles found at Port Tampa: confusion and chaos. Thousands of troops pouring in on trains and stranded on the wharf, not knowing to which ship they belonged. Troops finally put aboard any old ship that lay nearest—a company here, a company there, ending in the scattering of a regiment over many ships. The Second Massachusetts was divided among four ships. The Seventy-first New York, by a strategic maneuver of Lieutenant Alexander Williams, of Company I, managed to get the Vigilancia all to itself. Williams, with a guard of seven men, rowed out to the Vigilancia, racing a boat's crew composed of the Ninth United States Infantry. Williams got alongside first, left his men to guard the rope ladder, climbed aboard, and reported to the captain: "Seventy-first New York aboard, sir." This was the way each regiment had to scramble for a ship.

Officers arrived and could not find their own companies. One or two officers were three days going from one transport to another looking for their companies. Shepherds in search of lost *sheep never* were so unhappy as those officers.

In fact, when the embarkation began, and indeed until it ended, there was no head, no one to whom officer or man could apply for information. Each regiment hustled for itself as best it could. By noontime on the 7th General Miles' anger had grown to fury. He wondered why he had not investigated matters at Port Tampa before. Then came a telegram from Washington, "Suspend expeition." The general's fury turned to consternation.

From the moment the embarkation began, Port Tampa was cut off from the world as thoroughly as any island in midocean. We could get telegrams neither out nor in. The tiny post office suddenly found itself confronted by a mail first-class in size. The postmaster received no help and he could not handle the mail alone. So our mail lay in the post office till after the expedition sailed, when we learned that the mail was held, not because the postmaster could not handle it, but because the press censor forbade the forwarding of any mail whatsoever, lest news about the expedition get out of Tampa. Correspondents dared not write a line. They went about with a thoroughly scared expression, fearing to speak a loud word. For Lieutenant Miley, of General Shafter's staff, had already declared that newspaper men were a great nui-

sance, and later he threatened to cast out correspondents altogether from the army of invasion. He relented at last, and three hundred and four correspondents, most of them photographers, accompanied the expedition. They were stowed away on different ships, wherever they could find vacant berths. About twenty sailed on the Olivette, twenty more on the Caracas, seven or eight on the flagship Seguranca, and the remainder, by fours and sixes, over the entire fleet.

There was no attempt at an even and fair distribution of troops over the various ships. Some were overcrowded, while others were only half filled. On board the Iroquois, containing Roosevelt's "Rough Riders," and the Miami, containing the First United States Cavalry, the crowding was so great that the officers had to sleep in the rough wooden bunks set apart for the men. On board the Comal, however, with the artillery, each officer had not only a berth but a whole stateroom to himself, and there were twelve staterooms unoccupied.

During the week of embarkation the presence of so many thousand soldiers in Port Tampa caused a small-sized famine. Within forty-eight hours of the time the first soldier went aboard the Orizaba—the first boat loaded—the food at the hotel had given out. We were hungry, and

there was naught to eat; thirsty, and nothing but tepid water to drink. The railroad tracks between Port Tampa and Tampa, nine miles away, were blocked with troop trains, and not a pound of supplies could reach the land of famine. It was rather a novel sight to see John Jacob Astor going about with a hungry look, begging the waiters and the hotel manager for a crust of bread. For two days we lived on canned meats, canned vegetables, canned fruits, and condensed milk—J. J. Astor and all. And for this we paid five dollars *per diem* and were still exceeding glad.

During all the days of our famine the fourteen thousand five hundred and sixty-four soldiers were kept busy embarking, or, rather, disembarking. All the officers' horses were taken off and led back to camp, there to remain till the final orders came to sail. Mules there were on board by the hundred. Two ships were loaded with nothing but mules and civilian mule-packers. As only a few wagons and still fewer ambulances were taken, the work of transporting supplies will devolve almost entirely on the pack mules. They are certainly more convenient than lumbersome wagons for carrying army stores over the steep hills of Cuba.

I would hold my tongue and say nothing about

the faults, flaws, mistakes, and blunders that characterized the first expedition, were it not possible to correct these same faults in expeditions that are to follow. As the work of equipping an invading army is new to us, there is some excuse for the chaos and confusion attending the departure of the initial movement toward invasion. Quartermasters and commissaries ought certainly to profit by the mistakes just made, and let experience guide them in fitting out any future expeditions. For instance, it ought not to be necessary again to lose a hundred or more cars loaded with freight simply because no one thought to take down the numbers of the cars. And this is what really did happen to a hundred-odd cars on the road between Jacksonville and Tampa. An accident, a smash-up, side-tracking of cars, train split up, cars lost. Those cars have not yet been found, and Shafter's army had to sail without their much-needed contents, yet despite every drawback each man of the invading army chafed to fight.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH LEE AT JACKSONVILLE.

HERE he is, mingling with the throng on the piazas of the Windsor Hotel, the hero of Havana, the idol of the South, the leader-to-be of the forces in Cuba, General Fitzhugh Lee. He holds the keys of Jacksonville town, the only city in Florida not owned by an individual like Mr. Plant or Mr. Flagler. Lee's corps, the Seventh, numbers twenty thousand men. They are encamped all around the outskirts of the city. Therefore the Windsor Hotel is equidistant from all camping centers; a fact which enables the general to visit his men by day and attend banquets at night, with great personal convenience on both occasions. How fine he looks in his major-general's uniform! He is portly, but he carries his two hundred and ninety pounds gracefully. He has the same smile for all and the same merry creases at the corner of his eyes as when I last saw him, at Key West, after that last voyage from Havana, April 9. I remember

now how he shook his fist at Havana as we stood on the deck of the Olivette while that plucky steamer pulled out of the harbor of our enemies. Lee shook his fist at the Spaniards and said he wanted to have a chance to "show them" later. His hopes are about to be realized. For he has been promised the leadership of an army against Havana.

And he is preparing for the fray. He is proud of his men. He knows he will lead them to victory. In their turn, the men think there is no general in the army, Miles and Brooke and Shafter included, like Lee. I am bound to say that, of all the camps I have visited, in none have I found the cheerfulness, the enthusiasm and the health which characterize Camp Cuba Libre. There's a little too much pomp and ceremony and processions and brass bands just at present, but the boys will get over that when the order comes to board the transports. Before Lee arrived in Jacksonville some one named the encampment Camp Springfield. But Lee did not like the name. It was commonplace, it meant nothing. So he rechristened it Camp Cuba Libre, and thus gave to Jacksonville the honor of having the camp with the most unique name. And oh, how Jacksonville bows and scrapes to Lee! There are Lee billiard parlors and Lee

restaurants and Lee shoe stores on every corner. There is a Lee brand of ice cream, and the bootblacks have what they call a Lee shine.

You see, Lee is very obliging. Ask him to a banquet and he accepts and makes just the sort of speech you expect. He rides a horse at the head of processions, dines at the head of private tables, is serenaded nightly by brass bands from Illinois and North Carolina and Iowa, and altogether he is kept quite as busy socially as in a military sense.

Meanwhile he does not forget that he must prepare for the campaign against Havana. He is trying to reduce his weight by riding horseback at least one half-hour every day and by taking the natural Turkish bath afforded by a five minutes' walk in the sun. At the same time he keeps an eye on the newspapers, looking for news of Lee—for he loves to read about Lee—and for news of the transports. He would like to know whether his corps is to embark here or at Fernandina, twenty-nine miles up the coast, or at Tampa, two hundred and fifty miles across State. As Jacksonville has only fourteen feet of water and Fernandina only twenty, while Tampa has twenty-four, he rather thinks we will all go back to Tampa. Anyway, he hopes the embarkation point will not be Fernandina; for there is no

big hotel up there, no room for processions and brass bands, no facilities for speech-making. For Lee is Napoleonic in his ideas. He believes in amusing the people; in giving them forever something new. The greatest compliment I can pay General Lee is to say that he has as many faults as merits. Therefore he is human, and the man who is human is bound to make mistakes, and he who makes mistakes is the sort known in the South as the heap smart good fellow.

I have reason to know all this showing off bores the general, bores him fearfully. But he is a man who is bound to be agreeable at the sacrifice of personal comfort and inclination. He itches and aches and pines and hankers for the real thing, the killing and exterminating—of Spaniards—in the island which, since reconcentrados were invented, lost its claim to being the Pearl of the Antilles.

I left Tampa as quiet as a Florida hamlet on Sunday at church time. Even General Coppinger had left the Tampa Bay Hotel and gone into camp near the regiments of his Second Army Corps. And as John Jacob Astor and Theodore Roosevelt and William Astor Chanler and Barnum Seely and Richard Harding Davis and Stewart Brice and Hallett Borrowe had gone to Cuba with Shafter, there was nobody in *Tampa fit to speak to.*

But after the apathy, the lack of interest displayed by the Tampaites in the army, the interest, the practical help and attention of the people of Jacksonville, in the matter of soldier boys, are refreshing. All the ladies of this delightful town, especially those who belong to churches, have formed themselves into bands, committees to look after the welfare of the soldiers. Of course, they all first insist upon entertaining General Lee's distinguished staff. They are proud of welcoming to their front doors and front parlors such elegant young men as Major Algernon Sartoris, grandson of *the* Grant; Major Russell Harrison, son of the *second* Harrison; Lieutenant Hobart, nephew of Vice-President Hobart, and that other member of Lee's staff—I've forgotten his name, for the moment; but anyway he is the husband of Evangelina Cisneros, whom everyone knows as the Cuban heroine and the *protégée* of General Lee.

Well, after the ladies of Jacksonville have properly entertained the eminent staff, they then proceed to take needles and thread and new buttons and clam broth and sympathy and advice to the volunteer soldier boys in Camp Cuba Libre. I see them everywhere, in every camp. They are angels of mercy, good Samaritans, and the boys take off their hats to them and salute as

they would salute the Star Spangled Banner. The good angels mend the volunteers' clothes, give the sympathy to the younger and homesick lads, the advice to those who really need advice—and no wonder Camp Cuba Libre is so cheerful. Most of the good angels are young and pretty, and have eyes that are black and that snap, and a most delicious accent, that reminds you that they are daughters of the land of palms and pomegranates and luscious fruits and ripe things generally. I've seen more than one young lieutenant steal silently into his tent by night, there to secretly rend his clothes and to clip the buttons therefrom. And that is certainly disloyal to the sweethearts at home—the motive, alone, shows a fickle mind.

Home! How the volunteer loves home! And in Jacksonville all are volunteers. The regulars —for the same go to Tampa—call home the camp in which they sleep. Most of them have neither kith nor kin, and hence no home elsewhere. But with the volunteer things are different. He is just from the hearthstone, just from arms that held him in loving embrace, just from friends and relations that pampered and petted him and made him believe himself a mighty warrior to whom the glory of a Grant would come at the war's end. The volunteer thinks of these

folks at home and does not know that they are really very silly and sentimentally foolish. So, knowing that he cannot leave Jacksonville for at least thirty days from date, he writes to these folks to come see him off. As a P. S. he tells them to bring his wheel.

Now, the wheel is all right. For the streets of this town are as level as Broadway, and all brick-paved, and smooth as ribbed asphalt; and, altogether, there's no finer city for wheeling in the South. But the folks—oh, if each of the boys had to live in this hotel with all the folks of all the other fellows, he would never have sent for his own dear ones. But here they are, all the folks, waiting to see their darling boys off to the front. The only way you can cross the piazza through the jam of mammas and papas from North Carolina and Georgia and New Jersey and Ohio is to wriggle through sidewise.

Meanwhile, the volunteer is everything and the regular is nothing. The volunteer is the hero and the regular is forgotten. And that is why Jacksonville is the center of interest just now—because the volunteers are drilling and parading and packing up for the march upon Havana under the only Lee.

CHAPTER XII.

CAMP CUBA LIBRE.

LEE still at Jacksonville without enough soldiers in his command to justify his making his headquarters in the field. Lee still at the Windsor Hotel with his staff of president's and vice-president's sons. Generals all around him ordered to Cuba or to Porto Rico while he, Lee, remains far in the rear off in one corner of Florida. Why? Lee himself does not know. Men, whole regiments, are taken from his corps and put in other corps ready for the front. He has ten regiments in his camp here. He is entitled to twenty-seven. He does not know where the remaining seventeen regiments are coming from. Meanwhile, we are wondering whether this side-tracking of the hero of Havana, the idol of the South and the owner of Jacksonville, is the result of jealousy at Washington. Is Lee too dangerous a candidate for the president's chair, or is he being held for the grand, smashing, killing campaign that will precede the investment of Havana?

Down at Tampa transports are assembling for another Cuban expedition. Up at Fernandina and down at Miami on the east coast of Florida, transports are assembling for the expeditions to Porto Rico. Is Lee going to Porto Rico—after all the talk of making him governor-general of Cuba? The other day the general thought perhaps he was really going to Porto Rico. But when he looked round upon his poor little third of a corps he said ruefully: "But then, of course, I can't go even to Porto Rico without soldiers behind me."

Fernandina has been selected as a fine place from which to embark troops. The fact is, Fernandina offers only slightly better railroad embarkation facilities than Tampa. Simply, Mr. Flagler and the Florida Central Peninsular have pulled the right wires at Washington—perhaps better wires than those pulled by Mr. Plant, of the Tampa-Plant System.

After a visit to Fernandina I am bound to say that at least the single railroad running there is better equipped for the handling of masses of troops and great quantities of freight than is the Plant Line at Tampa. Indeed, after the wretched and parsimonious management displayed by the Plant system, any road in the country can easily rank next to the worst. The F. C. P. running

to Fernandina is doing all it can to be ready for the approaching rush of business.

Fernandina itself is an island at the entrance of Cumberland Sound, on the Florida east coast, forty miles north of Jacksonville. It is so near the sea that a good warship could knock the city into kindling wood. But it has a pretty good roadstead, with room for a fleet of transports. Beyond the city limits there is room, easily, for the cantonments of an army of one hundred thousand men. The natives, five thousand strong, support themselves exporting phosphates and lumber. And these same natives are fairly wild with anticipation of the wealth they are about to reap from Uncle Sam's soldiers. By the time this is printed they will all be Crœsuses and Fernandina will be exploited in all papers the country over.

Meanwhile the boys at Jacksonville, all volunteers, are writing home to Illinois, North Carolina, Mississippi, Iowa, New Jersey, Arizona—writing that they are well taken care of in the best camp in the country, under the eye of the best of major-generals, Fitzhugh Lee. The Southern boys, by the way, always write the name, Fitz Lee. For that is the way its owner signed the name during the days of the "late *unpleasantness*, sah."

And, O Lord! it's great fun to see the regiments from the South and those from the North falling all over each other in the frantic rush to embrace and utter assurances that the said late unpleasantness has been forgotten. General Lee sets the pace by having Sartoris, grandson of Grant, on his staff. Think of that combination!

The other day Jacksonville unveiled a soldiers' and sailors' monument in the park facing Lee's hotel headquarters. That was a great day—for the Northerners. Every Northern officer in the Seventh Army Corps made a speech, during which he wept for the poor boys who had gone to their death and for whom that noble shaft was erected.

The day after the Mississippi regiment arrived Colonel Guild, inspector-general, called at the camp on official business. The Southern colonel received him most effusively, saying: "Welcome to this camp, sah. I want you to know, sah, that this regiment is made up of gentlemen who hold the highest social positions in Mississippi, sah. And now, sah, I want you to step into my tent and try some of the finest Mississippian whisky, sah."

"But," protested the inspector, "I have called to inspect your camp. Won't you please issue the necessary orders for inspection?"

"Inspection, sah? I don't know as I exactly understand you? You see, sah, the boys made me colonel of this regiment. But, I assure you, sah, I know absolutely nothing about military affairs. I leave all such matters to my adjutant. Now, sah, I think it's a long time between drinks, sah."

With a colonel who knows nothing about military affairs, the discipline in the ranks of that Mississippi regiment may be imagined. During the inspection of the rank and file, whom the adjutant at last drew up in line, the inspector-general came to a gray-haired private who handled his piece with some skill.

"This is evidently not new business to you," remarked the inspector.

"No, sah," replied the private. "I served the Southern Confederacy from '61 to '65, sah, and I tell you I'm profoundly glad to be inspected today, sah, by a Southern inspector, sah."

"But I'm not a Southerner," said Colonel Guild. "I'm from Boston."

Whereupon the private threw his piece to the ground, advanced to where Colonel Guild stood, and embraced him, welcoming him to the regiment "in the name of Mississippi, sah."

On the evening of that same day the Mississippi regiment put its men on guard, telling the

sentinels that they must challenge all comers, as instructed. One of the officers returning late in the evening was challenged by the sentinel thus: "Halt, there! Hie, there, mister, I see you first!"

The crack regiment in Cuba Libre Camp is the Second New Jersey. This regiment is fully equipped, well drilled, and is filled to war strength. Therefore General Lee trembles lest the New Jersey boys be taken from him to send over to Shafter.

Every evening one of the regimental bands serenades Lee in front of the hotel. Governor Bloxham (Florida) heard one of the bands playing "America" with variations. He hurried to Washington. When he returned he brought a copy of an order issued by Secretary Alger forbidding "America," the national hymn, to be played with variations or in any medley of tunes—not only in Florida, but in any camp in the country. We all voted three cheers for Florida's governor, for we were tired of hearing "America" played in with such tunes as "All Coons," "Hot Time," and so on.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOSPEL IN THE ARMY.

For the boys in blue Sunday is a day of rest. All drills, all fatigue work, all duties not absolutely necessary are dropped. From the time they answer to the reveille roll-call at 5:20 A. M., till tattoo roll-call at 9 P. M., the enlisted men have everything their own way. The intervening hours are their own to spend as they choose. Some go to Chattanooga, some stroll through the country, but the majority remain in camp. For the thousands of stay-at-homes today with nothing to read, came plenty of the best reading matter. How eagerly they sought the copies of *The Christian Herald!* How promptly they went to the shade of the nearest tree to read them! How grateful and appreciative they seemed!

At Battlefield Station at early morning we hired a surrey, and into it stored five thousand copies. The work of distribution consumed an entire day. At sunset we had visited every

camp, placed a copy in every tent, handed a copy to every passing soldier. Mrs. Willetts distributed copies to hundreds who gathered around our wagon, and our colored driver carried copies to those in remote places.

I had expected to find some scoffing, but found none. Nearly all the men were already acquainted with *The Christian Herald*. According to their own words, it was "a good paper to read." "At last, at last!" some of them said. "Why didn't you come before?" "Just what we have been waiting for." "Haven't seen a copy since leaving Fort Assiniboine," or "Fort Riley," or "Fort Logan," according to the post they had come from.

It is unnecessary to add that we visited officers as well as men.

Mrs. Willets' experiences were quite as gratifying as my own. A woman in camp at any time is one upon whom is conferred the deepest respect. The men tilted their campaign hats with Chesterfieldian grace, and loaded her with keepsakes, and the queerest keepsakes, too—as their thanks for copies of the paper.

What a pleasure it was as we drove back by this or that camp already visited, to see the men singly or in groups, everywhere under the trees,

on bales of hay, in the shade of tents, busily reading.

"Glad to see you," said Chaplain Bateman, at the Tenth Infantry camp. "You are doing good work. Giving the men something to read is a kindness in itself. When the reading is a paper like *The Christian Herald*, the kindness is of a good, helpful, practical sort. All of the men in the Sixteenth know of your paper—in fact, we have been receiving it weekly for a long time at post. Put me down for a thousand copies every week. I will distribute them myself, too. I have had some correspondence with the publisher. Through his paper he is well known by the men of the Sixteenth. Thank him for me."

In the post office at Battlefield Station, at the close of the day, we posted a homemade, but nevertheless businesslike sign. It reads:

"*The Christian Herald* will be mailed weekly, free of charge, to all who wish it. Please indicate your desire by writing your name in the book on the counter—also give both your regimental and home address."

The army here goes to bed with its clothes on, and sleeps on its arms. The fleet of transports lies at the long wharf out in the harbor, with steam up. Tiny wreaths of black smoke pour out of forty funnels. The last bullet and the last

ration and the last lump of coal are aboard. The ships are full, clean up to their hatches.

One of the prisoners in our care was brought here as the captive of brave Captain Dorst, who commanded the Gussie expedition. The mission of the Gussie, a small side-wheeler, was to land arms, ammunition and food on Cuban soil for the use of the insurgents. Captain Dorst failed; failed because betrayed by this same, harmless Spaniard, who calls himself a Cuban. At the point where the expedition landed, Dorst found this man living alone in a shamble. Asked if there were any Spanish soldiers in the neighborhood, the man replied No! Would he guide the party to the nearest insurgent camp? Yes! Whereupon the man led the landing-party straight into an ambush of Spanish cavalry. The Gussie returned to Tampa, and the traitor is now in a sort of guard-tent in the First Infantry camp.

When I saw the prisoner, I said to him: "Are you sorry." His reply was astounding: "The Spaniards paid well," he said, "and who cares!"

General Howard and Major Whittle have left Tampa for Mobile. Religious work here is carried on by Dr. Dixon and the regimental chaplains. All the services and good works described in last week's *Christian Herald* continue. Meet-

ings are held twice, and sometimes thrice, every day—not in one place, but in many parts of the field at once. Every volunteer regiment has its own chaplain, but for some good reason, perhaps because the civilian soldiers have so recently come from cities where there are churches on every street corner, the services at the volunteer camps are not nearly so largely attended as those held in the camps of the regulars.

In all the military camps, the "church call" has become one of the routine duties of the buglers. The calls are all adjusted to suit the demands of drill and fatigue work, so that the men's spare hours may be given to hearing the Gospel.

Last Sunday a pastor of a Tampa church told me that his own service and those in all the other churches in Tampa had the very smallest congregations. Their flocks had all gone out to the camps to enjoy the novelty of a military sermon.

One of the volunteer regiments has hired a piano and sheltered it in a spare commissary tent. Last Sunday night the boys gathered in this tent and sang Moody and Sankey hymns till tattoo-call.

It is a positive delight to wander about the camps at night after the campfires are lighted. The volunteer boys from New York and Massa-

chusetts gather around these campfires and talk of home.

"Wonder what my mother is doing now?" says one.

"Oh, I would love to see my folks just once more before we go," says another.

"How rough the regulars look!"

"Yes; we'll look like that before a year is over."

"I'm worried. My sister is ill. Wish I could be with her—just a moment."

Here in the Inn built on stilts, one mile out in the waters of Tampa Bay, is more evidence of war than at any point in the United States. Fully forty steamships—transports to convey our "boys in blue" to Cuba—are tied in a row to the long wharf. The shores of the bay are dotted with the white tents of our artillery, cavalry, and infantry. Soldiers, fully armed, tramp up and down the long line of ammunition cars, watching, always watching. Every soldier not on guard duty is busy loading the transports with arms, ammunition, rations and equipments. Officers crowd the piazzas of the Inn, directing the movements of their soldiers. The wives of the officers stand by, as if to make the most of the last days of their husbands' presence. I traveled here from Chickamauga on the First

Cavalry train. On board was General Joe Wheeler and General O. O. Howard. It was a curious and a gratifying sight to see these generals chumming together as brothers; these men who had fought against each other at Chickamauga in 1863. Deadly enemies then, the Confederate leader Wheeler and the Union leader Howard, are the best of friends now, working, and about to begin fighting, for a common cause. General Wheeler is here in Tampa to lead their cavalry division against the enemy in Cuba. General Howard is here on a more peaceful mission. He is commingling with the troops as a Christian on an errand of Christianity. The general is accompanied by Major Whittle, and both are members of a Christian Commission which will unify, and concentrate all the religious work in the United States Army.

Said General Howard, "Major Whittle and myself have come to Tampa with the purpose of establishing headquarters here in the interests of the Christian Commission, a society similar to the one which did such good, practical work during our Civil War. We are working in conjunction with the Young's Men's Christian Associations which are sending all the tents, Bibles, hymn books, tracts, and so on, we can use. I'm glad to know *The Christian Herald* is represented.

I shall go right on to Cuba with the boys." Among the troops on the trains going South, "to the front," as the boys say, are seen many evidences of the kindness of the men toward each other. On our train carrying the First Cavalry, we had forty-five cars, divided into three sections—a thousand men and a thousand horses. It was very hot, especially on the sunny side of the car.

"Here, Bill take this seat. It's shadier. We'll take our turn in the sun awhile."

"No, Jim, I'm comfortable, keep the shade. We won't envy you."

Then we had one sick boy. The rolling of the cars, the swinging around the curves made him practically seasick. The solicitude of this boy's comrades was a lesson in kindness. "Here, boy, eat something. 'Twill do you good. Take some beans—or will you have some corned-beef?"

Corned-beef (canned) and beans and hard bread—this is the food when traveling. At the stations they get coffee—twenty-one cents a day being allotted to each man for that healthful stimulant. Each soldier is supposed to be saving of his rations and to make them last the entire journey. Thus they had only two meals a day—at Atlanta, first stop. Then at Everett, Ga., then at Jacksonville, Fla., then at Sanford,

which was the last meal before reaching Tampa. What with small rations and broken sleep, the men arrived tired, worn out. These journeys are hardest of all on the horses. During the thirty-six-hour ride from Chickamauga to Tampa the horses had not one drop of water and only a small quantity of hay. They were packed in the cars as tightly as possible so that the kickers could not kick and thus injure their fellow-mounts. Hundreds of the horses lost as much as eight inches girth measure on this single trip.

One of the most interesting phases of war-life at Tampa is the Camp of Detention, which Dr. Dudley, formerly assistant sanitary inspector at Havana, is establishing at Egmont Key, twenty-five miles from here, at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. I went down with the doctor this morning on his tug to see the preparations. Egmont Key is a big island, capable of accommodating five thousand men under canvas. As a beginning, Dr. Dudley, and his chief, Dr. Gettings, is putting up two hundred tents, with room for four men each. Every wounded and sick man will be sent out of Cuba to this island. Here he will be held for ten days or until he is well. Our soldiers wounded on the battlefield will have the best of care.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEGRO—THE COOK—THE HORSE—THE DOCTOR.

HERE is a chapter of information rather than of amusement. While writing about the various departments of Yankee Doodle's Army, it would not be fair to overlook those heroes, the negro soldiers; those important men in camp-life, the cooks; those noble brutes, the horses; or those patient, hard-worked life-savers, the surgeons.

The greatest hero in the South at this moment is our black Tommy Atkins. Thousands of his race fall at his feet and worship him. The civilian buck stands around and admires the coon soldier. The civilian wench falls on the coon soldier's neck and embraces him.

A week ago all these colored heroes were in Chickamauga. Now they are all here, four regiments—the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry. They are encamped in the sight of the transports which, when this is printed, may be conveying them

to Cuba. For they are aware that they will be the first to go.

Rove among the camps of these colored heroes and discover the proof that all coons look alike only in song. For here are four thousand coons who do not look alike. There are coons of many shades: coons with faces as black as licorice, as brown as ginger-cake, as yellow as molasses candy. In two respects, however, they may be said to look alike. In respect to large, white teeth and in respect to stature. Not a man under five feet ten—a height one inch above the average height of white soldiers.

To-day General Wade, commanding the army of invasion here, reviewed the colored troops. The four thousand dusky ones were massed on the plain in front of Wade's headquarters—two thousand afoot, two thousand mounted. After the review there was maneuvering. The black men rode their horses as if born in the saddle. The colored bands played—and they played well. Perhaps these troops were not so neat, not so clean as the white troops; but they were certainly fine specimens of physical strength, of health, of manhood. General Wade himself knew that here were most of the best riders and best fighters; and most of the dare-devils in our dare-devil army of regulars. The maneuvering

took the form of a sham battle. It was a drill of huge proportions—four regiments drilling as an army, as one body. Pickets were thrown out. Skirmish lines advanced held an unseen enemy in check. The cavalrymen charged upon imaginary foes. There was firing but no bloodshedding; fighting without carnage; all the tricks and strategies of a battle without conflict; an engagement without a foe; a game of solitaire on a huge scale.

General Wade must have been pleased. For he returned to his tent and wired this message to Washington: "Colored troops ready for action."

Later, the general reproved one of the visitors at headquarters, a "colonel" of Southern volunteers, thus: "Don't sneer at the colored troops. When the volunteers begin fighting the Spaniards in Cuba, you will probably be very glad to have negro troops in front of you." This reproof was the answer to a remark made by the Southerner to the effect that "as long as there is a nigger in the army not a dog-gone Southerner will enlist."

The words of the general's visitor only too truly sum up the sentiment that prevails among narrow-minded Southerners against the "nigger" troops. Broad-minded men of the South, of

course, are enlisting in the regular army, hundreds every day. And they seem glad of this opportunity to unite the North and South in the ranks of one army. With the ignorant, stay-at-home, back-country Southerner, however, things are different. They come into Tampa from all points in Florida, rush to the recruiting tents, catch one glimpse of the "nigger" soldiers and flee.

The colored troops are the jolliest of soldiers in peace and the very wickedest in battle. They go into a fight like so many demons. The lust for blood, the spirit of kill or die is upon them. Witness the many fights with Indians in the far West—at Fort Harrison and at Fort Keogh in Montana; at Fort Washakie in Wyoming; at Forts Douglas and Duchesne in Utah. In all these fights the officers have been very proud of their men.

At posts where there are colored troops there is less trouble than at "white posts." On pay-day, perhaps, there is more drunkenness among the negroes; but ordinarily, their guardhouses are all but empty. A colored soldier has a horror of any form of punishment. His creed is to obey, no matter what the order.

The cooking for our soldiers in the present

war is done in a combination military oven as comprehensive as an entire kitchen outfit. Its outside measurement is about four feet in length, three feet in width and two feet in depth. Fire is put under it on the ground, and when desired, on top of it at the same time. It folds up somewhat like a telescope valise and can be as conveniently hauled about as an ordinary trunk. This combination cooking oven contains a skeleton stove or grate stand, an extension stand, a large oven in two parts, a cover therefor, two baking and roasting spiders, two small frying spiders, two lifting hooks, two large combination frying, roasting or baking pans, with covers, and a set of three large boilers with covers to match. In addition to these basic articles there come, neatly packed within the oven, three sizes of carving or butcher knives, one ten-quart mixing pan, one large sieve, one three-quart dipper, with a twelve-inch handle; one medium cup ladle, one large spoon with a solid twelve-inch handle; an immense three-pronged flesh fork, three dredges (one each for pepper, salt and flour), one pierced skimmer, one graduated scoop, one seamless colander, and a "turn over" with a solid handle a foot long.

This combination arrangement can be used for baking, boiling and frying, at the same time,

every kind of food in the camp; and it is supposed to be able to cook, at one time, enough for a whole company—one hundred men.

After a three months' experience in the great encampments at Chickamauga and Tampa and Camp Alger, I am bound to say that this cooking outfit is a blessing. I describe it in all its details because it ought to be useful to all who mean to "camp out."

Cooking for an army in the field is much more of an undertaking than most people are able to appreciate. The field allowance for seventy-five men for ten days is: six hundred and fifty pounds of beef, one hundred and seventy-five pounds of bacon, eight hundred and fifty pounds of bread, seven hundred and fifty pounds of potatoes, seventy-five pounds of coffee, one hundred pounds of sugar, and one hundred pounds of beans.

Inexperienced soldier cooks rarely realize the gain there is in boiling meat rather than frying or broiling it. It can be placed over the fire hours before it is required, and by simmering, it slowly acquires a delicacy and richness not found in meats cooked by the ordinary crude camp methods. Exception to this, however, may be found in the swinging broiler that may be rigged with very little trouble. A common toasting

rack has the steak placed between the edges, securely closed, and from the four corners a bit of wire drawn to the middle and twisted. To this is tied a long string which is, in turn, fastened to a pole twelve or fifteen feet long, so set that the broiler hangs directly over the fire. A common cord will twist and untwist with very little momentum, and keeps the meat moving, thereby securing much more even cooking than is possible in any other way.

Perhaps the most important article of food in army rations is the ordinary bean. And yet beans are about the most badly abused vegetable vouchsafed by a kind Providence to humanity. In camp or in the field they can be one of the most delicious of dishes or an indigestible and intolerable mess utterly unfit for human consumption. The imperative need is long and thorough cooking.

Beans, being an important factor in army diet, should be given especial attention by cooks. When imperfectly cooked beans produce serious disorders. They should be soaked over night and cooked in the water in which they have been standing. It is easy to bake beans in the ashes by filling the camp kettle with beans which have been thoroughly boiled. With them must be boiled the pork. When the beans are put down

to bake the pork should be placed so that only the rind is above the beans.

I mention the cooking of beef and beans in particular because I found that most all soldier-cooks know least about these things. Many a soldier makes good coffee, fries potatoes like an expert, fries bacon in a way that makes it a delicious morsel, and bakes bread perfectly—yet this same soldier-cook makes a failure of the cooking of beef and beans.

In all the camps now scattered over the country the mess tents and cook tents are alike, and all use the combination cooking apparatus already described. Men detailed as "kitchen police" serve the meals prepared by that most important of all functionaries in the field—the company cook.

The photographs show the two methods adopted by the soldier-cooks in using the cooking apparatus. One way is to dig two deep holes in the ground, build fires therein and set the pans in on the fire. The other way is the ordinary one—that is, a fire on the ground and kettles suspended above it.

Tears streamed down the trooper's face. He blubbered. He was the sort known in the regular army as "old soldier;" had been eighteen

years in the service, had killed Apaches and grinned at the slaughter. But now he cried. Perhaps he had not shed tears for years. But just now—it was just at the break of day on the 13th of June—he was grooming his horse, perhaps for the last time. For to-day the expedition under General Shafter was to sail for Cuba; and the cavalry was to go dismounted, as foot soldiers.

I walked down the picket line, saw other troopers with tears in their eyes. It was a picket line in the camp of the Sixth Cavalry at Port Tampa. The troopers used their curry combs and brushes; they scraped and rubbed; they polished the coats of their horses with their coat-sleeves. They whispered good-by, good-by. Some were sullen, others morose, all sorrowful. In taking their horses from under them Shafter had taken the hearts out of their bodies. They wanted to go to Cuba and fight; but not without their horses. A cavalry officer thinks first of his men, a cavalryman thinks first of his "mount." These troopers of the Sixth could not understand why they were ordered forward as foot soldiers after they had spent years in drilling to fight on horseback. With a score of regular infantry regiments right there in Tampa, ready and eager for battle, why

separate the troopers and their beloved horses? Once in Cuba, however, they understood. Shafter was wiser than they had thought. As there was no fighting in Cuba in the open, there was no chance for cavalry charges. Horses would only have been in the way, an incumbrance, an unnecessary care. Shafter had really saved their horses' lives. Hundreds of "mounts" would have died in Cuba, stricken by the heat, if the same had not perished on the transports—as many did—on the voyage, or while swimming ashore at Daiquiri.

The invading army did not take more than a thousand horses. Just enough for the artillery, for the commanding officers, for scouts and reconnaisance parties, and for general utility. Mules did the rest — pack-mules for supplies and ordinary mules for the few "prairie ships" and ambulances. General Miles arrived in Santiago, however, horseless. When he rode at all he used any horse that offered. For General Shafter, however, any old horse would not do. The general, three hundred weight, with ten pounds to boot, needed a horse with strong backbone. He took two of these, fine, big brutes whose strength the general had tested in Tampa while inspecting the divisions of the Fifth Army Corps. Colonel John Jacob

Astor was allowed two mounts, for the course of his duties as acting assistant inspector-general involved distances. He himself led his horses aboard the transport Siguranca, two of the finest thoroughbreds out of his stables at Rhinecliff-on-the-Hudson.

The personnel of the medical and hospital department of an army corps consists of one hundred medical officers, one hundred hospital stewards, twenty-five acting hospital stewards and eight hundred privates. This list of medical officers includes the corps, division, brigade and regimental surgeons. There is allowed to a corps, one chief surgeon with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, three chief surgeons of divisions, each of whom have the rank of major, nine brigade surgeons with the rank of major, and ninety regimental surgeons with the rank of major and first lieutenant.

In each corps are three division hospitals, each of which has a capacity of two hundred cots, beside one corps reserve hospital of the same size, which makes a total of eight hundred beds in all, for the thirty thousand men comprising the corps. These hospitals are supposed only to take care of the serious cases, or those requiring hospital treatment. The large proportion of the

sick and wounded, minor ailments and slight injuries are treated in the regiment as in quarters. These men are ambulatory patients, can attend sick call themselves, are not confined to bed, and can go up to the regimental surgeon's medical tent and receive daily treatment, very much like patients in an out-of-door clinic. From twenty to thirty cases are treated in quarters daily in this manner in each regiment. Of course, this is a much larger percentage than is necessary in ordinary times. A division hospital ought not to contain more than one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five patients daily, which would leave from seventy-five to one hundred cots empty for new cases.

The division hospital consists of thirty-four hospital tents, which are fourteen and one-half feet by sixteen and one-half, and contains a capacity for six cots. These cots are folding, made of wood and covered with canvas, are wide and very comfortable for the sick. The patient usually takes takes his blanket along to the hospital, which folded, is placed upon the canvas bottom over which is placed a clean sheet. This makes a very comfortable bed indeed. The soldier is also furnished with a pillow and a blanket or two and an additional sheet. The reserve hospital is equipped in the same manner.

The staff of these division hospitals is composed of medical officers assigned to duty from the various regiments serving in the division, and sometimes some of the brigade surgeons are also detailed to the hospital if specially talented men in surgery or other specialties. The nursing is done by the privates who belong to the hospital corps, and by the hospital stewards that are detailed from the regiments, and hospital stewards that belong to the regular United States Hospital Corps, and acting hospital stewards belonging also to the regular army corps. About one hundred and twenty-five privates, seven hospital stewards and five acting hospital stewards are allowed to each division hospital. These privates are selected on account of special fitness, and are transferred from the regiments to the United States Hospital Corps. They consist of men who have studied medicine, some of them are physicians, many students of medicine, trained nurses, druggists, dentists and others who have had considerable to do with the treatment of disease and the care of the sick. In addition to the three division hospitals and the reserve corps hospital, there are three ambulance companies and one reserve corps ambulance company. These companies consist of one hundred and four privates each, seven hospital stewards,

three acting hospital stewards, commanded by one medical officer who has two medical officers to assist him. These ambulance companies are intended to carry off the wounded from the field of battle, to assist in the first aids, prepare the wounded for transportation, put on temporary dressings, and to accompany the ambulance trains. These men are picked men of intelligence who are specially adapted for this work; they are drilled twice daily in the United States ambulance and litter drills, are given regular instructions in first aids, in the treatment of emergencies and resuscitation of the drowning and treatment of poisonous insect bites and venomous reptiles, and in all instructions which are necessary to the care of the sick and wounded during times of emergency. They have a uniform similar to the line, except the facings are green. They also have a white duck uniform and wear upon the left arm a white brassard with the red cross.

In addition to the three division hospitals and corps reserve hospitals and three division ambulance companies and the corps reserve ambulance company, we have about ninety ambulances, as provided by the government, sixty army wagons, forty-five escort wagons, eight hundred mules and two hundred horses. The ambulances are

intended to accompany the regiments on the march and pick the wounded up as they may fall out; serve around the camp, carry the sick from the regiment to the division hospital, and any other use they may be called upon. The escort wagons are intended to haul along with the army the hospital tents, and the tents of the men, and must be provided, of course, with the necessary animals and drivers. All of these ambulances, wagons, mules, horses and tents are invoiced to the medical officers, who are held responsible for them by the United States government, and, in fact, the entire medical department of the army corps is almost an independent organization, and works independently of the brigades and divisions.

The feeding of the soldier is done by the drawing of a ration. Each soldier, whether he is sick or well, is entitled to so much flour, meat, sugar, coffee, vinegar, and vegetables. The medical officer who is running the division hospital or the ambulance company draws every ten days from the commissary, rations for each man who is serving in his command. A part of these rations by careful handling can be saved and disposed of, which makes quite a little fund, and is known as the hospital or ambulance company fund. The money saved from the rations of the

soldiers can be used to furnish luxuries and other delicacies which are not issued by the government as part of the ration.

The method of placing men upon the sick list is very simple. Every morning the first sergeant takes a list of the men sick upon the company's sick report to the regimental surgeon's office, which is usually a tent prepared and equipped with a place for examination of his men, his desk, medical supplies, medical chests, etc. They are here examined by the surgeon and disposed of, as transferred to the hospital, to quarters, or sent back for duty. The ambulance comes along after sick call, and takes off the sick to the division hospital where they are cared for until they are well or otherwise disposed of. In case a man becomes permanently injured and unfit for service, or is convalescent from serious illness the government has established large general hospitals in the cities of the North, one at Atlanta, one at Newport, Kentucky, one at Fort Myers, Virginia, and the old Hygeia Hotel, I understand, is also obtained for that purpose. The chief surgeon of the corps telegraphs the surgeon-general of the army that so many patients requiring general hospital treatment are on his hands, and requests that the railroad hospital be sent for their conveyance. These men

are usually sent away in groups of from ten to thirty at a time. In these general hospitals they are looked after and eventually disposed of either by discharge, return to their regiment or death. At present about three hundred of the wounded at Santiago have been sent to the hospitals in Atlanta, Georgia, and farther north.

The railroad hospital consists of eight or ten Pullmans that have been specially fitted up with berths, and are able to accommodate from twenty to thirty men to a car. These berths are superimposed, provided with medical officers, hospital stewards and privates who have on the car appliances for cooking, bathing, electric lights, fans, and a complete medical supply. This car is kept either in Atlanta or at one of the large general hospitals, where it is constantly ready for the journey which begins as soon as a telegram is sent from the surgeon-general of the army ordering it to proceed to such a point and bring back the wounded. In these large camps of instruction, which are the headquarters of a corps, there are many cases of convalescents from typhoid fever, pneumonia, fractures, and wounds who will take one or two months to recover. Instead of allowing these men to remain in the division hospital, the surgeon in charge has them examined and submits a list to the chief surgeon of

the corps who recommends that so many of them be transferred to these general hospitals in the cities of the North. In this way all the serious and convalescent cases are disposed of. In case the corps would get orders to move away, these cases that are not able to travel are turned over to the corps reserve hospital or provisional hospital arranged by the chief surgeon of the corps, and only the well go. As soon as these men recover, they follow their command, and in case some of them become chronic cases they are discharged on certificates of disability, or sent to the general hospitals, as indicated above.

YANKEE DOODLE

IN

CUBA AND PORTO RICO.

PART II.

YANKEE DOODLE IN CUBA AND PORTO RICO.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MISERY OUR ARMY FOUND IN CUBA.

DAY after day for the past three years the illustrated press has devoted much of its space in depicting the misery in Cuba, where, outside of the fatalities of war, fully one hundred thousand people have starved through Spanish cruelty.

Three years ago Cuba had hardly a baker's dozen of professional beggars. As far as eye could reach the country lay divided into fertile acres, each acre representing a household, living, if not in luxury, at least in prosperity. There was practically no want in Cuba; even its beggars did not feel the pinch of poverty.

To-day Cuba presents a picture so appalling that even the nations—who, like corporations, are supposed to be without souls—are roused to indignation and protest. The fertile fields are laid waste, the homes destroyed, and the wretched reconcentrados housed in the coast cities to die by thousands and tens of thousands and debarred from every occupation but beggary. After the inhuman edict of Weyler had gone forth, it is calculated that two hundred and fifty thousand pacificos were driven from their plantations into Havana, Santiago, Puerto Principe, and other cities of Eastern Cuba. Since that time they have subsisted upon the charity sent to them, mainly from America. The picture of this helpless army of human beings, men, women, and children, snatched from comfortable homes, sinking from one stage of starvation to another, is too horrible to dwell upon. But it exists with ominous realism, and it is computed that fully one hundred thousand reconcentrados have literally starved to death.

The tragedy of the situation is increased by the utter helplessness of the unfortunate victims. Packed into the city like a horde of human insects, crouching under the miserable cabins that have been constructed by the more courageous to hide their misery, they are completely

at the mercy of the Spanish soldier, who bears them a venomous hatred, ill-concealed.

Of the atrocities perpetrated upon the few who had the courage to ignore the edict and remain in their homes, it is needless to dilate. Old and young were brutally murdered, tortured, and even burned to death; children were slain in their mothers' arms; a father was spared to be forced to gaze in agony upon the slow tortures and final death throes of his son; young girls were subject to treatment from brutal soldiers which made death a happy alternative; and convents were invaded, and neither the calling of the nuns nor their appeals in the name of religion availed to exempt them from the barbarous outrages of their captors.

The reconcentrados come, so to speak, from the centre of the island, the eastern side of which is held by the insurgents, who for three years have been fighting with heroism for the freedom of Cuba.

Since Weyler openly announced his policy to be a war of extermination, the fighting Cubans realize that it is now war to death. Every fresh advantage they win on their side of the island is visited with fresh horrors upon the helpless reconcentrados. And the advent of Blanco has not in any considerable degree bettered their

condition. Even a real armistice, during the Spanish occupation, would be of little practical benefit to relieve the frightful state of affairs. It would be at least two months before a crop could be raised under the most favorable circumstances, and the reconcentrados are in such a mental and physical condition of debility that they are, practically speaking, too wretched to labor.

Numerous relief expeditions have been organized from this country, and large sums of money have been sent, but it has long been suspected that the very money sent for the mitigation of the existing evils served only to aggravate them.

Recently relief stations have been established and American supplies have been given out by American officers; and in this way only has it been possible to feel certain of an honest distribution of supplies forwarded to Cuba from this country.

What the position of the reconcentrados must be at this time of writing, when the American relief stations have been closed, is beyond imagination, for the hatred of the Spaniards for the Cuban has gone beyond the pale of ordinary warfare and has entered into a realm of atrocities.

The prompt return of Clara Barton with her

corps of trained nurses, who went out to personally superintend the distribution of relief supplies, was a tacit recognition on her part of the unsafe condition of the country, even for those wearing the badge of the Red Cross Society.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN IMPORTANT BIT OF HISTORY.

By the time this reaches New York the starvation in Cuba will be at an end. Three special trains loaded with two hundred tons of provisions—cornmeal, bacon and salt—left Havana at four o'clock this morning. One train goes east, the second west, the third south. In a few days food will be distributed to the two hundred and five thousand reconcentrados throughout Cuba's four hundred and two famished towns.

The entire credit of this gigantic relief work belongs to Dr. Luis Klopsch. Through Dr. Klopsch's efforts the necessary money has been contributed, and by his personal energy here in Havana the machinery of distribution has been started. Miss Clara Barton, to whom Dr. Klopsch guaranteed the sum of ten thousand dollars for three months for relief work, retired from Cuba because the Red Cross Society, under her generalship, was utterly incapable of coping

with the situation. So gigantic was the problem that Miss Barton was dazed and bewildered. With ten thousand dollars in her basket, Miss Barton spent several weeks looking over the field, planning, and eating dinners given in her honor. In Havana and Matanzas, the Red Cross Society, by its slow and ineffectual methods, gained for itself the name: "Red Tape Society."

Upon his arrival here Dr. Klopsch found that the society had accomplished comparatively nothing. He learned that food was being sent first to a town here, then to a town there, while at the same time people were dying in all the remaining towns. The society agent in ten days, had investigated, not fed, five towns. Having discovered that half the population was dead, the agent then forwarded a small quantity of food. If the society had been left alone in the field, the towns as far east as Santiago would have had relief some time during next year.

Dr. Klopsch, however, perceived that to save the reconcentrados, not one town nor yet five, but the whole of Cuba must be fed at the same time—and at once. He made his plans and has executed them successfully. With the three special trains which left Havana this morning Dr. Klopsch has established the most gigantic system of organized charity that has ever been attempted.

With a huge map of Cuba spread out before us, Dr. Klopsch said to me:

"On my arrival in Cuba I immediately telegraphed to the consul, consular agent, or alcalde in every town in the island. I asked for an immediate answer by telegraph, stating exactly the number of needy reconcentrados in their respective towns. According to the answers received I learned that in the four hundred and two towns, there were two hundred and five thousand starving reconcentrados. And upon this basis I begin the work of life-saving.

"In the storehouse were two hundred tons of provisions—cornmeal, bacon and salt. I determined that these two hundred tons must go out at once. But at first it was necessary to know what quantity to send to each town. So I mailed the following circular to the alcalde of each of the towns. The questions were printed in both Spanish and English.

"Please answer these questions and return in inclosed self-addressed and prepaid envelope within twenty-four hours of receipt by you.

"Name of Province——.
"Name of town——.
"Name of mayor——.
"How many inhabitants not country reconcentrados?

"How many reconcentrados?

"How many destitute people of all classes?

"Of these how many are sick?

"What method of distribution of relief will you adopt?

"Are there American residents in your town?

"Please name a few.

"What persons will be willing and competent to form a committeee for the distribution of American relief?

"What small towns in the neighborhood are dependent for relief on your town?

"Answer in English, if convenient.

(Signed) American Central Relief Committee."

"Within thirty-six hours all the answers were in. From these I discovered that out of the two hundred and five thousand reconcentrados, one half were not in such bad condition as to need immediate relief. I therefore apportioned out the two hundred tons in such a way that every needy reconcentrado would receive half a pound of cornmeal, half a pound of bacon per day, for eight days. This morning at four o'clock three trains (twenty-three cars in all) left Havana, one going east, the second south, and the third west. Thus every hungry person in Cuba, will, by the first of April, be supplied with enough cornmeal, bacon and salt to keep them alive until a second shipment can be made. The alcalde of each

town has been asked to write at once regarding the condition of his town, and upon the answers will depend the amount of supplies sent in the second shipment.

"To provide for second shipment we have now on the way here, one thousand and eight-five tons of provisions, or enough to provision the reconcentrados for thirty days. In other words there is food enough in sight to care for every needy person on the island till May 1st.

"Meanwhile a vessel is now loading in New York with fifteen hundred more tons of provisions. Upon my return to New York I shall again sail for Cuba in this vessel, and see to the distribution of the fifteen hundred tons. And thus are all the necessities of the reconcentrados provided for up to June 1st.

"Now, as to Havana. Heretofore, the city's reconcentrados have been supplied by twelve relief stations which were opened for three hours on Sunday. Under this state of affairs any person found destitute on Monday, or any one who happened to reach the station five minutes late would have to wait seven whole days before receiving relief. In other words, the relief thus afforded was only a farce. For twenty-five thousand people could not possibly be fed in three hours. Now, however, I have established a cen-

tral relief station, at No. 14 Estrella Street, which is opened every day from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. From this station alone we are supplying two thousand people a day, or fourteen thousand each week. We have the work so well systematized that it runs like clock-work. In addition to the central station we have opened four others at each of the four corners of the city, all open all day, at which we feed the remaining eleven thousand reconcentrados in Havana.

"Morever, we have opened, in San Lazario Street, a kitchen built expressly for our purposes. Here we cook proper meals for the indigent sick. And here we feed two thousand per day. Here mothers and babies receive the right kind of milk, and here canned beef tea and other nutritious foods are given to invalids.

"In addition to all this we have given the consuls of the big cities a cash fund for the use of silent sufferers; that is, for those who, only one year ago were wealthy and influential, but who are now ruined. There are people who, too proud to speak, have pawned everything they owned and are simply dying in proud silence. Such funds have been established in Havana, Matanzas, Sagua, Manzanillo, Trinidad and Santiago.

"By these various means, the whole island of

Cuba is being effectually cared for, and the generous contributions of the American people distributed exactly in accord with the intentions of the donors.

"The expense of thus supplying two hundred and five thousand reconcentrados in four hundred and two towns amounts to fifteen thousand dollars a week. As long as the American people will contribute that amount weekly, so long will the work of feeding starving Cuba go on."

CHAPTER XVII.

AS WE FOUND QUAINT OLD SANTIAGO.

SANTIAGO is Cuba's Key West. It is at the extreme eastern end of the island, and as it is practically in the hands of the Cubans, we may send troops there to drive out the Spanish. It is Cuba's third city in size and importance—Havana being first and Matanzas second.

It is the archbishop's residence, and to it people flock from all parts of the island during certain religious festivals, which are celebrated with remarkable pomp and ceremony. It is also the terminus of two railway lines, one of which is the outlet of Lomas de Cobre, the famous copper mines three leagues inland; the other, passing through the richest sugar district, affords transportation for that great staple. In peaceful times the exports of the port reach the handsome annual aggregate of eight million dollars—three-fourths of which is sugar, the rest cocoa, rum, tobacco, honey, and mahogany.

According to the best accounts, Santiago is

the most unhealthy place in Cuba. Hemmed in by mountains, with all its filth festering in the sun, the surprise is not that yellow fever makes an annual visit and carries off many victims, but that it does not remain the year round. A more favorable field for the study of human anatomy could hardly be found than Santiago de Cuba, where "living pictures" abound in the streets, it being thought here that drapery of any sort, for boys and girls of the lower classes under ten years of age is entirely superfluous.

When the rains descend, the almost perpendicular alleys known as streets are sometimes filled with torrents of such impetuosity that no one can cross them on foot, and even horsemen hesitate. The city might easily have an inexhaustible supply of pure cold water, if only there was sufficient enterprise among the citizens to cause it to be brought in pipes from the neighboring heights. But Santiago remains wretchedly deficient in this respect, though there is much suffering from lack of this prime necessity.

Arrived at our hotel, an unexpected barrier confronted us at the entrance—nothing less than a saddle horse tethered to the doorpost and occupying the greater portion of the little stone porch that fronts the casa. This is a "costumbre" of the country, so common that nobody

thinks anything about it. If a Santiagoan pays you a visit he generally comes on horseback, and, quite as a matter of course, he rides his steed up on the front porch and ties it with its nose to the door, where it stands pawing and blocking the entrance until the owner chooses to depart.

Of course, we called first at the American consulate. The consul's house, which is a fair sample of the majority of the better class of residences in Santiago, looks as if it had been built to stand a thousand years, and had already weathered half that period, with its three-foot walls cemented hard as marble outside and in, sit solid rafters set close together, and its foot-square window frames and doorposts run down into the ground ten feet or more. The frequency of earthquakes and hurricanes soon taught early builders the necessity of this substantial fashion.

As in Havana, the shop fronts are all open, and inside we see clerks in their shirt sleeves, guiltless of vests and collars, coquetting with mulatto girls over gay calico prints and woollens. Ladies of the aristocracy never visit the stores, but do their shopping by proxy, through the servants, or from samples brought around by the merchants.

Fat and comfortable negresses, with enormous

earrings and turbans of indescribable gorgeousness, beside which Jacob's coat would be a colorless affair, squat on the ground at the street corners, with baskets of dulce, fruits, and boiled yams to sell.

The town is indifferently lighted with gas by a failing company, which daily threatens to suspend business because not paid according to contract by the easy-going municipality. There are almost no vehicles to be seen in the streets, yet you are kept in perpetual heartache by the wretched condition of the beasts of burden, staggering unshod up the steep hills under heavy loads, every rib to be counted as far off as you can see them, blows and abuse their only portion; for in Cuba, as in Spain, animals are the recipients of the most cruel treatment.

The decription given by a traveler who has lived some time in Santiago is better than could be written by one who simply spent the night there. The traveler I refer to is Fanny B. Ward. Said she:

"A brief visit will not give the traveler an adequate idea of Santiago. The first impression gained from its tumble-down buildings, many of which appear just ready to topple over and crush you, and its rough, neglected streets, abounding in filth, naked babies, lean curs, and frightfully-

abused mules and horses, is by no means favorable, even to lovers of the quaint and venerable. But after you become acquainted with it and its hospitable people, and have seen the interiors of some of its antique casas, that were built a hundred years before the first Dutchman had set up a house on New York island, then you find yourself in love with the rare old place, despite its many shortcomings.

"The finest mansions are confined to no particular locality, but are as likely to be found next to negro shanties, or sandwiched in among commercial warehouses, as anywhere else. They are of the order of architecture which the Moors brought into the Iberian peninsula—low and large, with enormous windows reaching from roof to pavement, and having iron bars before them, tiled or marble floors, and an inner courtyard, with limes and pomegranates growing around its central fountain.

"Dirty and toilsome though they are, the streets of Santiago never fail to interest; they have curious signs stretched across them, or protruding over the narrow sidewalks, and the commodities exposed for sale are, to us, strange.

"Landing at the wharf, you are instantly beset by the drivers of the three or four volantes and as many victorias that comprise the entire wheel

transit of Santiago, for the steep streets are so atrociously bad that everybody 'rides afoot or on horseback,' and even the heaviest merchandise is transported on the backs of mules and ponies. It is well to remember, whenever you may be in Spanish America, that a bargain should be fully understood before getting into any public vehicle, although the tariff thereon, usually controlled by municipal regulation, is printed on a card and posted inside. The drivers consider a day's labor utterly lost when they get only regular pay, and, even after a bargain has been made, they do not want to stick to it, but will bully or wheedle you out of more than the sum agreed upon if they can, gracefully dropping from dollars to cents in their extortion, if you prove a sophisticated customer.

"We desired to go first to the American consulate, a drive of less than ten minutes from the landing, and, thinking to avoid future controversy, we selected the most innocent-looking Jehu of the lot, saw that his legalized tariff was seventy-five cents an hour, and offered him a dollar for the ten minutes' service. But, when we alighted and proffered him the dollar, the man refused it with the greatest indignation.

" 'Dos pesos, señoras! Dos pesos, nada manos!' (two dollars, ladies, nothing less), he

shouted. Being reminded of the bargain and that it was much more than his rightful fare, he waxed loudly vehement, swinging his arms and rolling his eyes as in a fit, and calling upon all the saints in the calendar to defend him from fraudulent foreigners.

" 'Señoras,' he said, 'did you not ask me where is the American Consulate? What is this building and this? Did I not bestow upon you, señoras, much valuable information? Body of Christ? shall I be guide and city directory, as well as cochere, all for a paltry peso?'

"Placing the dollar upon the carriage-seat, we turned to go; whereupon he changed his tactics to humble supplication, and besought us, by the beard of San Jago, by the love of the Virgin, by the heart of Our Mother, to make it a dollar and a half.

" 'Distinguished strangers, condescend to add dos reales (twenty-five cents). Beautiful young ladies, only ten cents more.' But, finding us quite immovable, he suddenly showed all his white teeth in a good-natured grin, took off his battered hat, and bade us 'Buenos dias,' with the grace of a Chesterfield, and rattled away, doubtless hoping for better success with the next verdant 'gringo.' "

It is difficult to say how the forty-five thousand

people of Santiago manage to make a living, for few of them appear to be doing anything. The only industrial establishments of the place are a few sugar factories, a tanyard, foundry, and a soap factory. Historically, it is memorable mainly for the French occupation and ransom in 1553, and the affair of the Virginius, which occurred twenty years ago and resulted in the Spanish government paying an indemnity to the United States for the murder of Captain Fry and his companions.

Santiago has also been the seat of most of Cuba's modern rebellions against the arbitrary and bitterly oppressive rule of the home government; and a long line of patriots, shot on the ramparts of Morro Castle overhanging the harbor, have furnished food for the waiting sharks.

about a girl of San Juan, Pauline Masias, the daughter of the captain-general, who went out into the streets of the capital and tried to rouse her countrymen to the defence of their city. If true, this was in contravention of the Spanish code of conventionalities. Rarely does a Castilian Joan d'Arc venture out to lead Spanish troops; for, no matter how much her service should be valued, her act would surely be misconstrued. Whatever freedom the future may bring to Porto Rico and to the women of San Juan, at present they are hedged about with the strongest chains of custom. They do not often venture out of doors unattended, and, like the Moorish women, they visit oftener the cemetery than the picnic ground.

Not a gunshot from the great Morro of San Juan, in the center of the city, you will find the central plaza. During the day it is hot and vacant; at night, cool and populous. When the music begins at eight in the evening, out from their prison dwellings troop the fair ladies of San Juan. Some are blond, most are brunette. All, as seen in the dim light of the flickering lamps, are beautiful. All carry fans, which remind one of the flutter of butterflies' wings as they flit and start, half opening and shutting, as if about to balance themselves on a bed of flowers.

These girls are bareheaded but for the graceful mantilla, which often hangs across their bare shoulders instead of adorning their tresses. The ladies appear by themselves, in groups, or, if they have male escorts, are invariably accompanied by a duenna, who was young so long ago that she has forgotten all about it, and who keeps the sharpest watch over her young charge.

For two hours the people revel in the music of the band from Cadiz, and, when the musicians have started for their barracks with that light, swinging pace peculiar to the Spanish infantry, then the ladies, with ill-concealed disappointment, return to the seclusion of their dwellings, while the men disperse to the cafés to smoke and chat. This the men do every night, concert or no concert, but the ladies do not appear again until the next "retreta," unless to go shopping some forenoon under rigid surveillance.

Spaniards say that there is no fighting in Porto Rico between their soldiers and the insurgents. Yet until lately the landing in San Juan of a thousand soldiers, fresh from the provinces of Spain, was no infrequent occurrence. One evening I witnessed the looting of a store near the cemetery. A score of mounted rebels dashed out of the bushes, swept past the Spanish outpickets, who were too astonished to shoot, and

swooped down upon the store in question. As the store was kept by a Spaniard, the ransacking was done according to the laws of war. In less than fifteen minutes the store was a wreck and the building afire. All that they could not carry with them the insurgents destroyed and threw into the road. Then, just to show that there was no ill-feeling, they tied the proprietor to a tree, fired several shots skyward, and dashed back to the hills. And all this within one hour, by carriage, from the heart of San Juan. The raid was like one of those which outlaws make upon saloons in Arizona, except that in this Porto Rico raid there was no bloodshed—only a badly frightened Spaniard.

Another evening the insurgents made an attack upon a dinner party. A number of Spanish officers were assembled to welcome the wife and daughter of one of their number, on their arrival in San Juan. Dinner was served on the roof of a house on the outskirts of the city—not an unusual thing in Porto Rico. To enhance the beauty of the scene, there were awnings and a draping of Spanish colors. Many lanterns and lamps were hung about. No better target could have been furnished for a sharpshooting enemy. Suddenly, from a range of hills, came a storm of bullets. They scattered among the dinner party,

smashing bottles, glasses, and plates. All fled in terror from the roof, leaving one man dead and taking with them another, badly wounded, whose life was despaired of.

These two events, as far as San Juan was concerned, were summed up in three-line paragraphs in the local newspaper. A third event, however, created a miniature panic. Having had forty Spanish soldiers killed and sixty wounded in an engagement just outside the city, the people of San Juan believed that the insurgents might dash into the very heart of the city itself. The so-called engagement began at daybreak, and lasted two hours. A battalion of Spanish infantry, on its way to an outpost with supplies, was suddenly fired upon. The attack seemed to come from all points of the compass. A square was formed. The Spanish fired at random. Not a rebel could be seen, yet every moment a soldier of Spain fell, dead or wounded. Presently the shots of the enemy seemed to come from the treetops. Whereupon the Spaniards raised their aim from the bushes, and fired into the trees. Still no sign of the enemy. At last the firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun. Then the Spaniards buried their dead, picked up their wounded, and marched back to San Juan, a battalion forlorn and bewildered. So do the patriots *in Porto Rico* show their rebellious spirit.

CHAPTER XIX.

MATANZAS—SECOND CITY OF CUBA—AS WE FOUND IT.

MATANZAS, on the northern coast of Cuba, is to be the base of operations and supplies in the Cuban campaign. It is about seventy miles from Havana. In times of peace it is to Havana what Philadelphia is to New York. Havanese "run over" in the morning and back at night. During the present rebellion in Cuba the railroad between the two cities has been probably the most dangerous road in the world to ride on. It is always either fired upon or blown up, not by the Spanish, but by the insurgents. On the evening of the first Sunday I spent in Havana some of the American correspondents who had been over to Matanzas returned weary and sad. The train had been fired upon and two of their number shot, one fatally and the other seriously. One was dead, the other in the hospital.

On another occasion these same correspondents had been on the Matanzas-Havana Railroad when the train was blown up. Then all escaped unin-

jured. It was a relief train, containing supplies for the reconcentrados. Ten cars of good food —cornmeal and bacon—were blown to atoms. The insurgents had been notified by secret agents in Havana not to molest this train. But when the insurgents found that the train carried a guard of Spanish soldiers they tried to blow up the soldiers, succeeding only in destroying the food meant for their own starving families.

Matanzas has a pretty little harbor into which runs the river leading down from the mountains in the rear. Its houses and shops are of the regulation Spanish style and build, most of them being painted white. It has its plaza and its cafés, its young men and its clubs, and it has as pretty girls and as many of them as any city on the island.

Matanzas has more villas, or out-of-town houses, than any other Cuban seaport city. There are—or were when I was there—a number of wealthy residents who live across the bay from the city proper, and go in and out morning and evening. There are some beautiful country houses on the high ground across the bay about four miles from the city by the road—among them that of Señor Campos. Like most of the dwellings, this house is built with but one story, the floor of which is raised above the ground

about four feet the whole resting upon a sort of piling and all inclosed in lattice work for circulation of air. The result of this is that the floor above is kept cool. The long front porch is about ten feet wide, and extends the whole length of the house. The windows all open down to the floor, and the hall in the center runs from the front to the back, with a width of about twelve feet. On each side of the hall are the parlors, dining room, and bedchambers for the family. From the front porch overlooking the bay you have as fine a view as can be imagined. Think of swinging in a hammock on that porch, and taking in the sea breeze that comes from the bay and goes swirling through the long hall from the front of the house to the back.

On this porch Lieutenant O'Brien, of the United States Navy, gave a ball, or rather, helped to give a ball.

"Our mess," said he, "had letters of introduction from Havana people, and on our first visit to Matanzas we were received with much cordiality by the parties to whom the letters were addressed. The situation was peculiar. The revolution was at its height, and the Spanish authorities on the island kept a very sharp eye upon the sayings and doings of the prominent Cubans in the towns and cities. One of our young

friends in the town informed us that Señor Campos wanted to give us a ball, but that he was afraid to send the invitations to his friends in the city, who, on their part, would be fearful of accepting. He feared that such a gathering at his house might be construed by the authorities as a seditious movement, and he and his friends might go to jail, or receive even worse treatment. How to get over this snag was now the question. Our young Cuban friend, who had intended to personally deliver the invitations, was afraid to be seen going into the houses of so many prominent Cubans. Something must be done which on its face would indicate that, while there was to be a big time at Campos' house, it was fun and not politics that was involved. The young Cuban visited the ship to submit the statement of the situation, and talk it over. Of course we wanted to have the ball as much as Señor Campos wanted to give it. After much palaver and no results, one of our lieutenants, who up to this time had not been remarkable for any particular mental development, made a ten-strike by observing:

"'Why don't some of you fellows go in uniform, with the Cuban, and deliver the invitations? The Cuban can be the representative of Señor Campos, and the presence of his escort will be a safeguard as to the authorities.' It was a

most excellent suggestion. We consulted the captain, who saw no objection. The question then arose as to who should be the escort. No one wanted to be the escort, and at last one of my enemies in the mess said: 'There is O'Brien. He knows just enough Spanish to be a curiosity, and I think he ought to go.' The whole gang said I was the man to go, and, rather than imperil the whole plan I consented. The conspirators missed it, however, by not going themselves. I never had a better time in my life. The Cuban started off at once to get the day fixed, and the next morning he was on board ship again with word that the ball was to be that very night. It was rather short notice, but that's the way they do things down there.

"By noon, the Cuban, whose name was Assi, and I had begun the rounds. We called at about thirty houses. We saw all the mothers, duennas, girls, cats and dogs in the place, and invited all (barring only the cats and dogs) to the ball. They all accepted with pleasure and many smiles. It was great fun making all these visits. The peculiar features of the case made it particularly easy to accomplish the object. The girls were all prepared for the visit in some mysterious way, and were ready to say yes almost before the invitation was propounded. By five o'clock

we had made the rounds, and were pretty well tired out. We went over to the Golden Lion Hotel, had our lunch and a wash, took a little nap, and at eight were on our way, in a volante, to the Campos residence. People were dashing up in carriages of all descriptions. There were the mothers, the duennas, and the girls again, in full dress, giggling and laughing as if they had not had such a spree for years. They were determined to make the most of the occasion.

"The beaux turned out in force, and by nine o'clock the ball was in full blast. In order that there should be no cause for complaint on the part of the authorities, Señor Campos had invited the commanding general and his staff. The general did not appear, but his chief of staff was there for a short time, and then left, which was very considerate in him. There were two string orchestras, one as a relief for the other, for the dance never let up for a moment. The secret of the way in which the affair was made possible seemed known to all the guests, and the United States officers reaped the benefit. They needed no introduction to anybody. There was no formality. Let one of us step up to a lady, smile, and hold out his hand, and a smile and a courtesy were the response, and the lady was his for the *next dance*.

"The refreshment rooms were two in number, and there was a total absence of that rush and crowd which we are all so familiar with on occasions of this kind. The host would quietly suggest to several of his guests that they could find refreshments in such a room, and those to whom the intimation was given would simply follow it. These little hints were given from time to time through the evening, and the result was that no time was the supper room crowded, though there were people there all the time.

"One instrument in the orchestra took my eye. It was a cylindrical tin thing, made in the shape of a curved cornucopia, the curve being at the small end. It was about fifteen inches long and five inches in diameter at the large end. Upon the convex side there were some ten or twelve lateral corrugations of about an eighth of an inch in depth. The instrument is held by the performer in his left hand with the large end under his chin, very much in the manner that a violinist holds his violin, and in the right hand is held an iron wire about ten inches long, with which the corrugated surface is scraped. The result is terrifying.

"Of course there is but one tone produced, and the only effort required on the part of the performer is to scrape in time with the rest of the

orchestra. I had never seen one of these things before, nor have I ever seen one since. I do not know the name of it, but I have the impression that it is one of the many mongrel instruments which the plantation negroes use on the island, and for which there is no specific name.

"There were, I suppose, about two hundred and fifty persons at the ball. All the dances were round dances and among them was the 'Habanero,' but the 'Habanero' as it is danced by ladies and gentlemen. This is really a very slow waltz, and is danced in tiny steps, the couple who can take the smallest steps and yet shift their position being considered the best dancers. The movement is very graceful until you see the Habanero in a mixed assemblage or at a masked ball in Havana, and then it is only disgusting in its suggestiveness.

"Some of the ladies sang Spanish songs, and some of us sang English songs. Neither understood what the other was singing about, but it was all in the programme, and it made no difference. At three o'clock in the morning we returned to our boat, which was waiting for us at the beach in front of the Campos residence."

CHAPTER XX.

HAVANA LIFE IN PUBLIC.

I ARRIVED here last week. The customs officials are the very perfection of politeness, but an American instinctively feels that, if he is not entirely hated, he is, at least, not wanted. They are not so polite, however, that they decline the customary little tip—a tip absolutely indispensable if an American does not wish to have his trunks turned upside down on the wharf, and his personal effects displayed to the gaping loungers.

After passing the customs officials the first natives to greet me were a crowd of boys and girls—most of them naked and unwashed. These children had two duties to perform. One was to ask the arriving American to buy lottery tickets, the other to guide the same arriving American to the nearest low resort. It is hardly necessary to add that Havana has its Tenderloin, and that, in Havana, the Tenderloin keeps open house without fear of Parkhursts or police, without thought of Church, State or God.

A few hours after my arrival I sauntered up one of the café-lined streets with a friend. At a certain café I said, "Let's sit down," and I sat down. Whereupon my friend cried in great alarm, "No, no; get up quickly." I sprang up, asking for an explanation. The explanation was, simply, first, the chair upon which I sat was an upholstered sort, with cushioned seat and pillowed back; second, in Havana there are fleas, very many fleas, of a large and voracious character.

The next morning, arising early and looking out of the window I saw one of the queerest sights that meets the Northerner's eye. In the street below the milkman was going his rounds. Instead of the milk cart and milk cans so familiar to Yankees, this Havana milkman drove a cow in front of him. In front of each door where he furnished milk, he drew it, in the quantities desired, from the animal herself. If certain milkmen in the States had to supply milk in this way, they would go out of business—for what would the milk business in our great cities amount to if water was made impossible.

The most harrowing sight in the city is, of course, the reconcentrados—those peaceable noncombatants driven in from the country by *Weyler's orders*, and concentrated in the towns, *where they* are allowed to starve.

Havana has fewer reconcentrados, in comparison to its population, than almost any other city or town in Cuba. Yet, within five minutes' walk of any square are sights to make one weep. In an immense barren house, called "Los Fossos," there are hourly scenes which beggar description. Lying on a bare floor lay two women, their babes clasped in their arms. One mother and the baby of the other died while I was there. The dead baby still lay on its living mother's breast. She was too weak to know it had died. And the dead mother's stiffening arms encircled a living child. Strong men who saw that scene broke down and wept. In the same place I have seen twelve uncoffined bodies, lying on the floor in different parts of the building, surrounded by closely-packed women and children, scarcely less motionless than they.

For over two hundred persons there were seventy-five small biscuits, and for each, once a day, an unsavory panful of codfish, beans, and oil, all cooked together. The sufferers can scarcely eat it.

To the bishop's palace thousands of babes in their mother's arms go for succor from the society which the good old man has organized. There are over five thousand children registered, but only three or four hundred can be helped a day. It would break one's heart to see the

throngs of sad women who turn hopelessly away without the bottle of thin milk and the handful of cornmeal which the few secure for their little ones.

And such babies! Tiny skeletons, with the skin stretched tightly over the poor little protruding bones, or hanging in folds over them where the child-flesh has shrunken away. They seem all dead but their eyes—their big, sad, beseeching eyes. There are thousands of such babies. In the province of Pinar del Rio alone there are reported six thousand orphans.

Three days ago a sad but not an unusual thing occurred in the United States Consulate. A woman entered, asking food. She had two little ones at her skirts and a babe in her arms. The baby died while she stood there.

In Havana it is not only that "ye have the poor always with you," but that ye have also always near you the dead. Every hour I see the dead being carried to the cemetery by their friends. A few days ago there passed by the tiny skeletons of two dead children. They were carried by their father. He bore them in a small codfish box, tied around with a string so that the little bodies should not fall out. At each step he had to stop for rest. This lasted all the way to the cemetery. And do you think that *any one helped?* Not one. Because, inasmuch

as the friends of the dead victim have to reopen an old grave, nobody accompanies the bodies, so as not to be forced to such work.

This reopening of graves in Cuba is the result of the long established custom of burying as many bodies in a single grave. The cemetery routine is like this: First, some one, usually the head of a family, buys a plot in the cemetery. He at once sets to work digging his own grave and the graves of all his family. He digs graves six feet long for the adults and four feet long for the children. When the entire area of the plot is thus in open graves, the grave-digger turns mason and plasterer. He cements each grave, bottom and sides. Thus any member of his family may look upon his grave any time during life. But the most weird part of this business I have yet to tell. In the middle of the plot a square grave is dug—a hole about six feet each way. This square hole is cemented like the graves. The bodies in the graves are covered with quicklime. When the flesh has disappeared and only the bones are left, the bones are taken out of the grave and thrown in the square hole. Thus the graves are used over and over again until the square hole in the center is full of the bones of this or that family. Then the hole is sealed over and that particular family plot is abandoned and a new one purchased.

CHAPTER XXI.

RAG-TAG SOLDIERS IN HAVANA.

THE Spanish soldier in Cuba despises the Cuban, hates the American, and loves his country. He despises the Cuban because he is ordered thus to despise. He hates the American because his comrade hateth thus. He loves Spain because love of *la patria* is born in the bone.

Compared to our own soldiers, either of the regular army or of the national guard, the gun-carrier of Spain now in Havana is a lugubrious and ludicrous object. His uniform, consisting of an ill-fitting blouse and trousers of blue striped cotton-drill, is best described as a suit of pajamas. Add to the blouse and trousers a coarse, wide-brimmed straw hat and flimsy canvas shoes with hempen soles, and you have the full dress of a Spanish soldier. Put a rusty, rickety Mauser in his hands, and you have the same soldier on duty. He is hollow-chested, undersized, sunken-cheeked, unshaven, blear-eyed, and generally slouchy and unkempt.

In Havana he is omnipresent—ten thousand strong. He lolls in the cafés, drinking sugar and water. He hangs about doorways and iron-bound windows, taking to señoritas. He loafs on the street corners, glaring at passing Americans. He swaggers along Obispo Street, the Broadway of Havana, and he struts up and down the plaza as though monarch of all he surveys. When an officer passes he becomes as humble as Uriah Heep. When an American passes he straightens up and transforms his bearing into that of a latter-day Cæsar.

This pitiable man-at-arms has two virtues—blind obedience to order and open-eyed acceptance of abuse. His creed is, Obey. His reward is neglect. The private soldier looks upon the officers of his regiment as upon so many gods. The officer considers the men in the ranks as so many dogs. Thus they get on amicably and decently. Against the continued neglect and abuse which is the lot of the Spanish soldier the rank and file of any other civilized nation would rise in open mutiny. Why is he fighting the Cubans? He does not know. Why is he risking his life in a plague-stricken climate? He does not know. Why does he march and march and broil and suffer and starve and die in the torrid sun of an apparently God-forsaken island,

far, far from his home? He does not know. He knows only—*por la patria.*

Where does he come from? The provinces of Spain. What was he before *la patria* sent him across the sea in a filthy, man-destroying transport? A peasant, healthy, and happy in the vineyards of his native heath. Why did he leave his vineyards, his home, his parents, his comforts, his peace? Because the agent of the King of Spain came and tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Follow me!" The peasant followed. He is taken to the nearest seaport, marched aboard a vessel, herded in a pen with two thousand fellow unfortunates. The vessel leaves the shores of Spain. He looks through a porthole, and has, probably, his last glimpse of the land that gave him first birth and then an order to premature death.

The vessel rocks and rolls and pitches and the peasant is sick. He wallows in filth and stench. At last, after twelve or fourteen, and sometimes twenty days, the ship enters the harbor of Havana. The peasant steps ashore. Now, he thinks, life for him may brighten. Not so. In two hours the peasant becomes a soldier. He landed in rags and tatters, barefooted, bareheaded, more filthy than swine. Does he see Havana? Yes, for a few days. From the troop-

ship he is at once sent to Morro Castle or to Castillo del Principe. At these places he is furnished with a battered Mauser rifle and roughly instructed in its manipulation. A very few lessons in the very simplest rudiments of a soldier's duty qualify him for active service, and he goes to the field without ever having fired his rifle. With just enough knowledge of drill to enable him to comprehend the orders to advance, halt, or turn to the right or left.

Now comes his active service—a service *por la patria* that means starving and dying in the pestilential wilderness of Cuba. For this the poor, ignorant peasant lad—few of them are more than mere boys—is torn from his home under Spain's beautiful sky and wrenched from his sweetheart of the great lustrous eye. One thing he has—company; for thousands are made to share his lot and his fate. Having been ordered to the front, the slouchy, dull-eyed, peasant-soldier, without having time to become acclimatized, begins his experience in the field. Probably it will be his fate to be attached to a battalion engaged in active operations, in which case he will march wearily day after day in all weathers, broiled during the day and chilled during the night, rarely seeing the enemy, unsheltered, overworked, and underfed—until the inevitable

breakdown occurs and he can march no longer. Then, if he still retains a remnant of strength, he may be detailed to the garrison of one of the thousands of blockhouses that are strung along the trocha to form the defense of country towns. I know of no more pitiable sight than is presented by the living skeletons who garrison these little forts, when they are called upon to turn out and line up at the roadside at salute when some general and his staff ride by. I have see these men so weak that they could hardly bring their pieces to salute. The condition of the cavalry is considerably better than that of the infantry. As a scouting force it is capable of doing fairly good work. The horses are small and wiry, and require but little attention. The men, as a rule, ride well, but their clothing and equipments are in the last stages of dilapidation.

The Spanish officer is invariably in need of a shave. His blouse and trousers hang upon him like so much thin bed-ticking upon a wooden dummy. The officer, like his men, slouches about with his blouse hanging open and his trousers frayed at the bottoms. The official, like the private, is everywhere. Only while the private lolls in the cafés in the side streets, the officer loafs in the hotels along the Prado. At Americans, the rank and file leer; the officers sneer.

If any one wishes to learn the depth of anti-American feeling at present existing in Havana, let him go among the soldiery—drinking sugared water with the private and watered wine with the officer. The common soldier's name for a Yankee is "pig." The officer expresses his idea of us in the word "*canaille.*"

The soldiery in Havana is divided into four sections: the regulars, who garrison the fortifications; the volunteers, who assume to compare with our national guard; the Guardia Civil, who form the suburban patrol; and the Orden Publico, the city police. The quality of these four bodies may be styled as bad, wretched, more wretched, and most wretched. The order of applying these descriptive qualities, however, should be: police, bad; patrol, wretched; volunteers, more wretched; regulars, most wretched. In other words, the best of the bad is the Orden Publico. This body of excellent badness consists of picked men from the best home regiments in the Spanish army. While their duties as policemen are nominally of a civil character, they are to all intents and purposes a strictly military body, carefully drilled and capable of maneuvering with the crack troops of the service. They wear a uniform somewhat similar to the Guardia Civil, but with a jaunty French

kepi instead of the felt hat. On ordinary duty they are equipped with a heavy revolver, worn in front, on the right side, and a short, straight two-edged sword. In times of public disturbance they carry the regulation Remington rifle instead of the revolver.

The mounted section of the Orden Publico is a splendid body of cavalry. The men of the corps are, as a rule, lean, lithe little fellows, well set up, of most dignified bearing, and of unfailing courtesy in their relations to the public. Their companion body, the Guardia Civil, is rarely seen in Havana, forming, as it does, the rural police of the island, with guardhouses in all the villages and towns. They wear a showy and theatrical uniform of blue tunic and trousers, faced and striped with scarlet; a wide-brimmed hat of gray felt, with the brim caught up at one side and fastened to the crown with a circular badge of the Spanish crimson and gold.

The Guardia Civil Cavalry, a numerous mounted body, is equipped like the infantry, except that they carry a saber and a carbine instead of the short sword and the Remington rifle. During the late riots in Havana excellent work was done by the squadrons of the Guardia Civil Cavalry. The third section, which, in point of *quality, I* have named the most wretched, is the

volunteers, the famous military organization which is called the Pretorian Guard of Havana. This guard, in its day, has ruled the city and cast down or set up captains-general. The volunteers number twenty thousand men, the privates, for the most part, being clerks, porters, waiters, and salesmen. The officers are usually merchants, lawyers, proprietors of shops or establishments. The volunteers perform no military service beyond furnishing every morning a detail of about two hundred men to do guard duty at the palace, the bank, the city prison, the Castillo de la Punta, and other points. They have no armories such as our citizen soldiers have and but few opportunities for drill, hence their appearance on parade inspires anything but admiration.

The fourth and last section of the soldiery in Havana is composed of the regulars—those pale-faced peasant-soldiers whom I have described, and the excellence of their badness termed "most wretched."

Every ten days or so crowds of handcuffed men are driven through the streets of Havana, which they will never tread again, on their way to the transport ship which will convey them to penal settlements on the African coast. Many of these men represent the *élite* of Cuban society.

Seldom is a direct charge brought against them. Police spies denounce them as Cuban sympathizers. They are given no trial so they can prove the charges false. On administrative order they are sentenced to exile for life, and frequently the source of their misfortune can be traced to private revenge or personal feeling. Since the beginning of the war at least ten thousand prominent citizens have been torn from their native island, families and friends, and sent to life exile in the filthy, overcrowded, deadly swamps of Fernando Po. With a little money and good health it is possible to survive in Ceuta, but none ever return from Fernando Po. On the 23d of March a large party of citizens of the Matanzas district passed through Havana on their way to the transport. It was a sad procession. Hopeless, jaded, despairing men, with arms tied behind them and feet shackled, forced to leave Cuba and face a slow, horrible death. On the train from Matanzas two of these unfortunates were literally shot to pieces. The guards reported they tried to escape and were shot in the attempt. Their fellow prisoners told a different story. "The two men were deliberately taken out on the platform between the cars and fired upon. And the soldiers would give no reason." *The action* could likely be traced to personal *revenge.*

CHAPTER XXII.

SEEN AND HEARD IN CUBA'S CAPITAL.

HAVANA is full of unseen dangers. The question of the minute is, "Is my friend my enemy?" The query is the outcome of the discovery of an elaborate spy system. In St. Petersburg there are not nearly so many spies as right here in Havana, since the ill-fated Maine was sunk beneath the filthy waters of the bay. There are spies in high life, and there are spies in low life. The hotel porter and the charming señora, who wins your trust with her smile. And these spies resort to any measure which will enable them to cast suspicion upon you, to have you expelled from their city. They want to get Americans out. We are not wanted. We are "pigs, *canaille*, hogs and Yankees."

If an American should be unfortunate enough to express his opinions on the Cuban-Spanish question where he could be overheard Morro Castle becomes his abiding place for an indefinite period.

Of all Cuban forts Morro Castle is the most picturesque and the most notorious. It crowns a rocky point on the left of the harbor entrance. A hundred years ago it fairly bristled with heavy artillery, and was most formidable. Now, stripped of all but a few harmless cannon, it serves only as a prison, as a garrison, as a signal station, and as a pedestal for a lighthouse. Across the harbor from Morro stands the quaint old Castillo de la Punta, a square, bastioned stone fort, mounting three or four old Parrots and one lone Rodman fifteen-inch gun, such as we are removing from Fort Hamilton and Fort Wadsworth. Orders, however, have just been received to mount old cannon, several dozen of which lay around the disarmed batteries that stretch from Castillo de la Punta all the way to Cavellaria Wharf. The so-called fortifications around Havana are not fortifications at all, but merely crumbling ruins, surmounted by guns which would knock the walls over by the force of their own concussion—if fired.

The bay is shaped like a hand. It is pinched by two capes at the mouth, and then expands into a large basin. The tide does not ebb and flow sufficiently to carry away the refuse matter dumped into it. As a result the whole bay reeks with foul matter; so filthy is the water that Cap-

tain Sigsbee washed the decks of the Maine every morning with water brought from shore. The harbor bed is composed of fifty feet of sewerage, the accumulation of four centuries.

No harbor laws are more strict than those of Havana. Small boats are not allowed to leave the wharf after dark—government and naval boats excepted. The reason for this prohibitive law is that there are certain rebellious persons in Havana at present who would be willing to risk going to sea in a small boat. Any risk is not too great to get out of a place where a passport is as difficult to obtain as here. People who have not visited Havana often think of the harbor as a place which is calm as a lake. As a matter of fact, the waters are seldom quite calm. A stiff breeze ususually sweeps in from the ocean, white-capping the waves rather disagreeably for people in small boats. As the big ships cannot come to the wharf, he who wishes to go down to sea in a ship must first go to the ship in a small boat. Many tourists who are bad sailors have felt the begining of a prolonged siege of *mal-de-mer* while going in the small boat from Havana wharf to their ships. The floating dry dock, brought across the ocean at great expense, has been raised, overhauled, and put in condition. The Spanish war vessel Alphonso XII. was the *first* occupant of this famous dry dock.

Filibusters, mostly American, are still landing along the coast. They have reduced their methods to a point of science. Their ships hide among the Florida Keys till a favorable night for sailing. The filibusters carry no lights, and are ships that pass each other in the night and without speaking each other in passing. Their ships run boldly up to the Cuban coast. When near Morro Castle they hang out the lights. That looks honest. They send up two rockets, a sign that a pilot is wanted. The pilot appears, is sorry, but cannot take them in till morning. "All right" answers the apparently innocent merchantman, "we will lie here over night." The pilot sheers off and the filibuster makes all speed in the opposite direction down the coast. Not ten miles from Havana the apparently innocent merchantman runs into a cove, throws a few planks from the ship to the shore, unloads a cargo of arms and ammunition and general supplies for the insurgents. Then the ship sails back and at daybreak is on the exact ocean spot where the pilot left him the night before. He is taken into the harbor where he states he has come to ship a general cargo for the States.

La Union Constitucional, in a recent publication, said: "Spain gave her consent to the *United States* to investigate the causes of the

Maine explosion. She now tolerates this farcical relief to the reconcentrados to be carried on. Spain is far too proud a nation to stoop to stop the growling and barking of a meddlesome mongrel cur. The Yankee people began life as a nation by sheltering the criminals of all parts of the world; all people starve in the United States who have not money at their control. The Yankees have very suddenly awakened to the voice of humanity simply because by so doing they abuse and think to annoy Spain."

The "farcical relief to the reconcentrados" has caused the starving people here to be much less in evidence. The Central Relief Committee, headed by Dr. Luis Klopsch, has certainly accomplished miracles. Dr. Klopsch perceived that to save the reconcentrados not one town nor yet five, but the whole of Cuba, must be fed at the same time—and at once. He quickly made the plans which he has executed. Three special trains started in three different directions bearing cornmeal, bacon, salt and medicines to all provinces of Cuba. Dr. Klopsch has established the most gigantic system of organized charity that has ever been attempted.

The soldiery secretly wish that the reconcentrados receive no aid, no relief. They argue that a reconcentrado, being a non-combatant, cannot

be killed in open battle. Therefore let him starve to death. Every reconcentrado the less is a Cuban the less.

Havana, at any moment, may become as Paris during the Reign of Terror. Only in Havana carnage and death will stalk among all classes, and especially strike at Americans. The Volunteers grow more and more threatening and seem less under control with every day that passes. The Volunteers, the famous military organization which may be called the Pretorian Guard of Havana, at one time ruled the city, casting down or setting up captains-general. They number twenty thousand men, supply themselves with necessary equipments, and ask for no pay. They have no armories, such as our militia have. They perform no military service beyond furnishing two hundred men every morning to do guard duty at the Palace, the bank, the city prison and the Castillo de la Punta. Owing to lack of opportunities for drill they inspire anything but admiration when on parade. These men despise the Cubans. They hate Americans—as I have every reason to believe. Not long ago I met one of these Volunteers on a side street. He pushed against me, shoving me into the gutter. Had this occurred when I first arrived in Havana *there would* have been trouble immediately.

But I had already learned to suppress and reserve my indignation. So I turned to the would-be mischief-maker and offered an offhand apology, as though I were the person to blame. But trouble he wanted and trouble he tried hard to have. He made a feint as though to strike me, he leered at me, but he failed to rouse any sign of temper. Finally he tapped his machete and pointed to Cabanas Fortress, significantly. The incident showed me the true feeling of these Volunteers toward the "Americano."

Even though misery is so widespread in Cuba the Royal Lottery sells two hundred thousand dollars' worth of lottery tickets every month. The tickets are sold everywhere, either whole tickets or by tenths. One-tenth of a ticket costs one dollar and calls for one-tenth of the amount of the premium—if you should win, which is not likely, as you have but one chance in twenty thousand. I have seen girls come out of the cigar factories and deliberately spend several days' wage for a fraction of a ticket. If you go for a walk it is safe to estimate that in half an hour's time no less than twenty tickets will be offered to you. The very beggars frequently save their pennies until they have enough to invest in a lottery ticket.

Speaking of beggars, they are everywhere.

They beg in one portion of the city, and sell the products of their beggary in another portion. The reconcentrados seldom ask for aid. They will frequently follow and hold out a trembling hand for alms, but seldom do you hear the whining cry, "Charity, kind sir, in the Virgin's name, charity, for a poor, dying cripple," that you hear so constantly from the professional beggar, with which Havana abounds.

Previous to the war the volante was seldom seen in Havana. Now there are more volantes than any other vehicle, barring the little victoria. These two are almost the only means of traveling around the city. The social leader, Countess Mount Valon, has a private volante with three horses and an outrider. Many wealthy persons, both Spanish and Cuban, have followed her lead, and are using the old-time Cuban conveyance. Then again, there are many brought into the city by country people, who came in to get out of the way of hostilities.

Every evening the military bands play in the Plaza, and hither flock the people who are not at the opera or private social affairs. Here is seen the Cuban mantilla girl with her duenna, in friendly converse with her enemy, the Spanish officer. Here all thoughts of war are forgotten, *or at least it* so appears. In front of the Hotel

Inglaterra, where Consul-General Lee is living, and where almost all Americans stop, is a favorite spot for music, romance and dancing. But during the day this plaza is filled with soldiery, and presents a very different scene from that of the evening.

There are two principal differences between Cuban domestic life in war time and domestic life in time of peace: The women who formerly wore brilliant colors now wear mourning; where men were in the majority, there are now twenty women to one man. Otherwise, domestic life here is the same as before the war.

In her black gown the señora sits all day long in her rocking-chair, rocking forth and back, and opening and closing her fan. The señoritas do the same. The father, if he is young, is probably in the field. If not, he may generally be found in the courtyard, pruning his lemon trees, or walking idly about, poking inquisitively in every corner. The grandfather, in his own rocking-chair in the courtyard, is consuming surprising quantities of "dulce"—Cuban sweetmeats.

The women who are not pretty sometimes walk out in the daytime. The women not homely never go out of doors excepting after dark. The beautiful woman of Havana has learned that the

sun is not good for the complexion, and that a bad complexion means the end of beauty.

Once a week every Cuban family cleans house. Not the servants, but the señoras and señoritas themselves do the cleaning, and this even in the best and richest of families. If the Cuban is a business man he invariably lives in rooms over his shop or office. If he keeps his own volante, the volante stands in the courtyard, and the horse is stabled under the dining room.

The houses are all alike, the grandest and the poorest. Stone floors, half doors between the rooms—that is, glass doors reaching halfway to the ceiling—for ventilation, of course. One room, generally arranged for a sitting room, opens directly off the street. In all rooms are colossal mahogany wardrobes. The ceilings are never less than twenty feet high, canopied, curtained beds, to keep out mosquitoes, which bite all the year round. In the kitchens of the better classes are tiled walls and stone floors. They are scrupulously clean and neat, but one catches the inevitable odor of garlic.

A casual observer would say that there was very little difference between the gowns and costumes of the Havana ladies and those seen in the large cities of the United States and Europe, *except that they* have not the good taste shown by

the American and English women. They adopt the prevailing fashions to the extent of their purses. One does not see seal coats or other furs, even in the winter months, when the temperature is between seventy and eighty degrees, although I saw a fur cape for sale in one of the shops. Most of the women you see on the streets hood their faces with black mantillas, and use fans to screen their eyes from the sun. A fan is a telegraphic instrument, capable of transmitting the most complicated and the most complete messages. Often you see two women dressed exactly alike. This is so frequent as to be noticeable to strangers. On Sunday afternoon I noticed in front of a fashionable residence five women, probably members of the same family, all gowned precisely alike in a heliotrope-colored fabric. The thought occurred to me that the head of the family was pleased with the goods and purchased the whole piece.

The Cuban's welcome is frank and sincere; if you are not of the race of their rulers, especially if you are an American the mask of caution is soon dropped, and "hermano" (brother) is substituted for the formal "señor." And you feel that you are indeed treated as a brother; and the gayety and gravity, the lightheartedness and the pathos, curiously interblended in your host, make him a most interesting study.

The Cuban is given to poetry and song. Many among the most illiterate are poets and musicians. In the better educated classes the señoritas and their beaus will recite poetry by the hour, pieces from their favorite poets adapted to the occasion. The arch glances of the flirts add a seductive charm to these harmonious lines—innocent flirtations these, which go no further than an exchange of incendiary glances and exaggerated, rhymed compliments.

The stranger is apt to misconstrue manners and customs which are at variance with those of his own country. For instance, a susceptible young Cuban sees a lady pass by; he is struck with her beauty, and expresses his admiration by kissing his hand to her. He had never seen her before, and will perhaps never see her again; he has not fallen in love at first sight; he merely pays homage to her charms. She receives and is flattered by the attention, rather than offended.

Past middle age the Cuban woman has a tendency to obesity. This is due, probably, to her inactive life.

The Cubans marry for love. The home life is simple and patriarchal. The respect shown to their elders by the young, their tender care of the grandparents, is touching. It is in the *family circle* that the character of the citizen is

formed. Admitted into that circle the stranger is struck with the simplicity and the native good breeding in all classes. There is a genuine cordiality which makes you feel at ease, and, if there be no danger of surveillance by the ubiquitous spy, an abandon which soon lets him into the secrets of the host's opinions. They are all of the same mind, more or less pronounced—Cuba must be free. The women are intensely patriotic; their influences have been felt in every known revolt against the Spanish government.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SUNDAY IN HAVANA.

On week days Havana is war-mad. On Sundays the city is pleasure-mad. The commandment, as translated by the hotheaded people of this feverish city, is: "Six days shalt thou fight and do all thy killing; but the seventh day is the day of pleasure; in it thou shalt have no war."

Havana's Sunday is a day of cock-fights, bull-fights, concerts, promenades and masquerade balls. In these pleasures, Spaniards and Cubans, enemies all, consort together as comrades without arms. At seven o'clock on Sunday morning the Spaniard shares the coffee with the Cuban, and fails to give the passing Americano the customary week-day glare. At the same hour the Americano takes his coffee alone, and wonders what will happen next in this Vesuvius-like city.

From coffee hour at seven until breakfast at eleven everybody attends—church? No! The

people go shopping, for all the stores are open. The Spanish soldiers buy American trinkets at the American shops to send to sweethearts in Spain. The American buys articles for the folks at home, in shops where the clerks speak not one word of English. He pays seven dollars for a small fan, or four dollars for a canary bird, or eight dollars for a pair of castanets, or fifteen dollars for a mantilla. These prices are created exclusively for Americans. For the same articles a native would pay only half the price. But in Havana, as in all countries save the United States, the American is made of money, and is entirely bereft of reason in spending it. The Cuban, during the shopping hours, loiters in and out of the shops, but buys nothing; for only one Cuban in a thousand has money to spare, and he is an exception if he has money enough to buy necessities.

Meanwhile the reconcentrados flood the streets and beg. Thousands of outstretched arms line the sidewalks, or rather the gutters. Those begging alms are, in most cases, nothing but bone and skin. Starvation is the common lot. Some are so nearly dead that all the food in Christendom could not save their lives. Others need medicine more than food. All are utterly miserable. Not one has a gleam of hope. Not one

knows even partial happiness, except as a something remembered. To a stranger in Havana, on Sunday, amid all the madness of pleasure, the fact that there is a reign of misery is more apparent than ever. On that day, and, for that matter, on all days, the misery is ignored by the average Spaniard. The Cubans would help if they had not already done all and given all in their power. The Americans give, and give promptly and liberally. But the Spaniards continues to ignore. But soon the American perceives the utter hopelessness of such charity, and sends what he can afford to the relief fund, where he knows it will be wisely distributed. In Havana alone there are twenty-five thousand reconcentrados. Of these, one-half are not only hungry, but starving. The other half are relieved and cared for by the fund.

On Sunday the negro has his great hour. It is shopping hour just described. But the Cuban negro does not shop. Having bought his mite of codfish, cornmeal and coffee, and his bad cigar in the early morning, he spends the balance of the time before breakfast in alleys and side streets, at cock-fights and street dancing. A "boss" negro owns the cocks. A courtyard is chosen as a ring. The spectators, all negroes, *pay one centano* (twenty cents) each to see the

cocks kill each other. That twenty cents represents a negro's wage, if he is fortunate enough to have work, for a whole day. It is evident that the Cuban negro is a confirmed lover of the cock-fight.

After breakfast come the bull-fights, Spain's national sport. Killing a bull is to a Spaniard what batting a baseball is to an American. The American present at a baseball game is an excited person at best. The Spaniard present at a bull fight is more than excited, more than enthusiastic—he is bloodthirsty. The place set apart for the bull-fight very much resembles the polo grounds in New York. Only instead of a square center there is a ring, as at a circus. All Havana is there, the Spaniard, the Cuban, the creole, the negro, the American visitor—men, women and children. The pleasures of the hour are opened with a speech. The officers of the army and navy sit in a box of state, and act the part of complacent and conquering heroes. For Cubans are there. They have no money for trinkets and no pennies for the starving reconcentrados, but they manage to raise three dollars in Spanish silver to see the four bulls butchered.

The fight begins. Ah, almost instantly the American cries: "But this is not a fight; it is only a slaughter." No matter. The Spaniard

thinks differently. He cries: "Bravo! bring in another bull." Finally, after twelve or fourteen horses have been gored to death by the four bulls, and after the four bulls have been tortured till they are so weak they can hardly stand, the great hero, the matador, steps in and kills the bulls, one after another, by plunging his sword through their bodies.

At the last bull-fight here the matador was Spain's greatest. His name was Mazzintini. If the butchers in the slaughter business at Chicago, where they slay an average of one bull per minute, could see this famous Mazzintini kill his bull, they would hiss him. This same idol of the people, Mazzintini returned to Spain after that so-called bull-fight. He took with him in his leather belt, twenty-five thousand dollars. And yet nowhere on the face of God's earth can so much misery, ruin, poverty, and starvation be seen as in Havana at the very time its citizens are paying from three dollars to twelve dollars each for seats at a Sunday bull-fight.

As soon as the fight is over there is a rush for the ferry. Back to the city swarm the pleasure-lovers, mad with the sight of the slaughtered horses and bulls, wildly merry over an entertainment that would simply disgust the average *American.* Though the streets they pour, scores

in cabs, hundreds afoot, toward the Prado, the plaza and the park. In carnival mood they pass house after house in front of which hang yellow flags marked with black V's in their centers. In each of the houses there are one or more cases of smallpox or yellow fever.

What cares the pleasure-mad populace? There are plenty of coffins. The coffin maker is the only man who is hard at work in all Havana on Sunday. He works in his own doorway. A number of coffins, all made that day, are piled up on one side of the doorstep. Still this carpenter works on, nailing thin pine boards into shapes to fit the human form. For by Monday morning he knows that all the coffins he has made on Sunday will be lowered into the ground, each with its destined occupant.

The passing crowds grin at him. Ha! ha! poor carpenter! He must drive nails on Sunday instead of seeing Mazzintini kill the bull! Poor man! They sincerely pity him.

Now the crowds after swarming into the plaza, the Prado and the park, gather round the tables on the sidewalk in front of the cafés. Spanish private soldiers drink sugar and water. The officers drink anisette. Americans call for lemonade and ice cream. The Cubans look on, or are treated by their friends, the enemy, alias

the Spanish. All smoke big cigars of various qualities, though the majority of them are good. Seven cents buys an Havana perfecto which in New York would cost a quarter.

At 7 P. M. dinner—that is, the Spanish officers dine, the Americans gorge, the Cubans have a meal, the Spanish soldiers eat. At the same time the reconcentrados file past the feasters and starve. And away in the outskirts of the city you may run across a camp of insurgents roasting a whole pig for their evening meal, as on the scene of which I send you a photograph with this letter. It being Sunday evening, the insurgents feel that there is a truce of a few hours, in which they, too, may "eat, drink and be merry."

In the evening Havana gathers in the theatres, the music halls, at the opera and at the clubs. One of the finest club houses in the whole world is only a few blocks from where two thousand women and children lie huddled together, too weak to stand, literally dying of hunger.

The theatre, the opera and the clubs are attended by those whom the bull-fight has not bankrupted. For the poor and penniless there is music by the military band in the plaza. As the women of Cuba seldom attend the theatre, *they may be seen* now, Sunday evening, prome-

nading in the plaza. See a señorita, and just as surely will you see a señora. See the young lady alone? No! Her duenna's eyes are upon you. And such eyes! If the Cuban women had nothing but eyes, there would be no race on earth who would compare with them for beauty.

After the theater and the concert everybody goes home—at least, so it appears to the stranger. At eleven o'clock the city seems wrapped in nervous, fitful slumber. The veteran visitor knows better. Half of Havana, maybe, is sleeping. The other half may be found at the masquerade balls. Otherwise, who were the hundreds of masqueraders who have been riding and running about the streets ever since sundown? Go back to the theaters. The seats on the parquet floors have been covered with boards as if by magic. Over the seats there is now a dancing floor. The auditoriums have been transformed into ballrooms.

At twelve the balls begin. The floors, the boxes, the galleries are crowded. By whom? The best men and the worst women of Havana. No respectable woman is there. All the women are in costume and masked. Not one man is in evening dress. The music begins, Cuban music of a strange, weird sort, half African. Two bands, one on each side of the theater, play

alternately. Some of the musicians are Cubans, others are negroes. They make a very big noise, and the music and the dancing do not cease for an instant, from 12 midnight till 4:30 Monday morning. The dancing—well, it is too shameful to describe.

Compared with a masquerade ball in Havana, the French Ball in New York is tame and puritanical.

In Havana Monday is an off day Everybody seems peevish, tired and thoroughly out of humor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BELLES OF HAVANA.

In Havana, counting out the soldiers, there are twenty women where there is one man. The missing nineteen men are either in the bushes with the insurgents, in the hospitals or in graves. La señoritas and la señoras sit all the long day in big rocking chairs and rock and rock. They are sad-eyed and composed. Their grief is too deep for tears. All wear the dress of mourning.

War with the United States? Of what interest is that to the women of Havana? None. War has already taken away father, husband, lover and brother. Who has she left to fight the United States. Speak to her of a possible war and she displays not the slightest interest. For her such a war would have no terrors. How can she lose more or suffer more since she has already lost all, suffered all?

In the evening the military band plays in the plaza. The señoritas leave their rocking chairs, don the mantilla and go to hear the music.

Alone? Never! By the señorita's side is la señora or the inevitable duenna. They promenade; they smile through their sadness, for grief is intermittent. Like war, it has its periods of truce. In the plaza, side by side, walk the señoritas and the soldiers, the Cuban woman and the Spanish man of arms. Here is a picture as novel as it is terrible, a picture of mirth amid tragedy, for here are Spanish soldiers in white walking by the side of the Cuban women in black, the very soldiers perhaps who have shot the husbands, the sweethearts, fathers or brothers of the women beside them. Here is a truce indeed. Here is peace between the men who kill and the women who suffer because of the killing.

But the men of Cuba are scarce, and the Cuban women are numerous. Surely a woman must talk to some one beside a woman. So she goes to the plaza in the evening to talk to the enemy of her island and her independence.

Is the señorita of Havana beautiful? As a New Yorker would say, "Are there any pretty girls about?" Alas, there are many beautiful eyes and few pretty girls! If it were only a question of eyes, there would be no race on earth so universally beautiful as the women of Cuba. Even *if her features* are perfect the señorita spoils the

effect with a coating of powder. She carries the powder with her wherever she goes. It covers the face like a mask. The effect is ghastly. When her face is not powdered, it is greasy. This greasy look is due to perspiration, unavoidable in so warm a climate.

In the tobacco factories every girl has her box of powder and the necessary handkerchief to apply it. I was in one of the rooms of the factory of La Corona, where two hundred cigarette girls sat at work. The clock showed a quarter to ten. At ten the girls would go to breakfast. But in the intervening fifteen minutes they all had something to do—they must needs put on the ghastly mask of powder. Even little girls not more than eight years old whitened their faces.

With all classes it is the same—too much powder. With all ages it is the same—too much powder.

The monthly *soirées* given by the Club National are the swell society events of Havana's winter season. The club membership comprises both Cubans and Spaniards. At these balls, therefore, you can again see enemies at war consorting as friends. But for the sprinkling of uniforms an American present at a *soirée* of the Club National would suppose the island of Cuba

was in a state of the most serene peace. La señorita is there, of course. And these are not the señoritas of the tobacco factory nor yet the señoritas of the plaza promenade. They are the belles and the buds of Havana's four hundred. They are, as a rule, undersized and overpowdered, the men the same, for in Havana even the men powder their faces. At the last *soirée* of this club I made careful observations. There was not a man present whose height would measure over five feet eight inches.

As this was the most high-toned social affair of the season, any American, having been invited, would naturally go dressed as for a ball in New York. He enters the ballroom. He is the only man in the room in evening dress. The men wear their clothes of the day, and not a single señorita wears a low-cut gown. In the room there are not half a dozen bare arms and no bare shoulders at all.

Most of the women—there are probably two hundred dancing—wear a domino and mask. The dominos are home-made affairs consisting only of a hood and cape. After studying these two hundred señoritas of the best Havana stock for two or three hours the American carries away with him such impressions as these:

The señorita of Havana has very broad hips, *too broad.*

She is usually too stout for her height. When she is tall, she is very thin.

Her mouth is large and voluptuous, and on her lips there is plenty of rouge.

Her teeth are large and white and gleaming, but they are usually far apart, and not more than one señorita in ten can be said to have a "perfect row of pearls."

The señorita's cheeks are seldom plump, seldom have much natural color. The skin tint is olive, but more often sallow.

Her hair and her eyes are her glory. Her hair quivers like a mane and indicates the passion that comes of Spanish blood. She rolls her eyes; she talks with her eyes; she flirts, cajoles and captures you with her eyes; she holds you with her eyes.

She cannot converse for more than a few minutes on any subject. You must be satisfied with two glorious eyes.

After an American man has spent a single evening with the señorita of Havana he yearns for a glimpse of the New York girl.

CHAPTER XXV.

HAVANA'S LAST CIGAR.

For nearly two years Cuba has not raised enough tobacco to supply the island. Tobacco plantations, like the sugar fields, lie in ruins For want of tobacco the cigar factories of Havana are nearly all idle. Factories which formerly employed five hundred men now employ only fifty. Where two hundred Cuban girls used to make a living at rolling cigars, only twenty are now at work. The industry is at the point of death.

Who is responsible? First, Weyler; second, the Cubans. The captain-general said: "Thou shalt not make cigars." The insurgents replied: "Then we will destroy the crops." From the palace in 1896 came the famous decree forbidding the exportation of Havana leaf tobacco. In the field followed the burning of the crops and stored tobacco by the Cubans. A petition has recently been sent to Captain-General Blanco, asking him to revoke the decree of his predecessor. His answer was an emphatic "No!"

What actuated Weyler to forbid the exportation of Havana tobacco? First, the captain-general, always ready to adopt stringent measures, believed in good faith that manufacturers and dealers in the United States would buy up all the tobacco in Cuba, and consequently oblige all the factories in Havana to close. In this his belief proved well founded. American tobacco dealers hastened to buy up all the tobacco they could get before the decree took effect. And, of course, all the factories in Havana put up their shutters. Second, Weyler knew that the Cuban cigarmakers in Tampa and Key West each gave one dollar a week from their wages for the cause of Cuba Libre. To prohibit the export of tobacco, therefore, would throw these Tampa and Key West cigarmakers out of employment and deprive the insurgents of that important source of revenue. Consequently, in the Florida cigar towns there were soon hundreds of idle, half-starving Cubans. Third, Weyler was a gold grabber. He loved to make money. He made it. He was a millionaire when he left Cuba. I am told that this famous tobacco decree netted him a fortune.

Many so-called American tobacco firms exported several thousand bales of tobacco in spite of General Weyler's prohibitive decree, under

the pretense that it was the outcome of diplomatic transactions between Washington and Madrid. But the real secret in the affair was that Weyler, by charging commission on every bale exported, graciously gave permission for shipments to be made. Thus Weyler made money as he waged war.

The province or country of Vuelta Abajo is, or rather was, Cuba's principal tobacco center. It might have been called Cuba's Klondike. But today every tobacco plantation in Vuelto Abajo is in ruins, abandoned. The direct cause of this wholesale destruction was Weyler's tobacco decree. All the farmers, farm hands, dealers, and persons directly or indirectly engaged in raising or dealing in tobacco, had hitherto been sacred to the insurgents; all tobacco property was respected, in direct contrast to sugar plantations. No sooner was Weyler's decree known in Vuelta Abajo than the rebels changed their tactics. The sacred plant was attacked with fury. Over four hundred thousand bales of tobacco (approximating forty million pounds) were destroyed in 1896 and 1897 in Vuelta Abajo, and the war on the weed continues to the present day.

In 1897 very little tobacco was gathered, representing not one-tenth of the normal crop. Even this small percentage was grown in the yards of

houses in well fortified villages, and in the much-talked-about Zonas de Cultivo, which were designed by General Weyler for the planting of vegetables for the unfortunate reconcentrados.

It will take at least twenty years before Vuelta Abajo can again be in as flourishing condition as in January, 1896. Not even if the war should come to an end could it regain its former wealth in a shorter period. Whole villages and towns have been destroyed; and eighty per cent. of the population has perished. Even genuine autonomy would not much benefit the tobacco trade of Cuba, since Spain is under so many obligations to the Compania Generale Tadacos, a monopoly in that country, from which the government derives an enormous revenue. Absolute independence alone can help matters.

The condition of things in the cigar factories of Havana could not be more hopeless. Here is a statement made by the head of the leading cigar factory, one year ago: "In the department devoted to the preparation of raw tobacco we employ five hundred men and two hundred women. Average daily production, fifty thousand pounds. In the cigar making department we employ two hundred men and one hundred women. Average daily output one million cigars." Now compare these figures with others which I have just ob-

tained by a visit to that same factory. In the raw tobacco department, thirty men, ten women. Average daily output twenty-five hundred pounds of tobacco. In the cigar-making rooms, twenty men, five women. Average daily output less than seventy-five thousand cigars. From one million cigars a day to seventy-five thousand a day in a single factory! How long before the smokers of the United States will seek in vain for real Havana cigars? All the best Havana cigars are exported. Havana, itself, must be contented with a second-rate smoke at a first-rate price. Half the cigar stands, formerly flourishing, are now boarded up. Half of the cigar stands still doing business are stocked very meagerly, with a genuine lot of poor cigars. Moreover, a leading New York cigar manufacturer, now in Havana, tells me that half the cigars sold here, and in the States as "clear Havanas" are made of Virginia tobacco. The raw material is sent direct from Virginia to Porto Rico. At Porto Rico it is repacked and shipped to Havana as native Porto Rico tobacco. In Havana native Porto Rico tobacco from Virginia is made into cigars and sent back to the States as "clear Havanas."

The natives here are unanimous in their opinion that the Cuban cigar industry is doomed.

Their opinion is founded on the facts just given. It looks entirely probable that in a few months this city will have on exhibition, draped in mourning, a curiosity, labeled "Havana's Last Cigar."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOCIETY IN HAVANA.

ABOVE all things, the Cuban is sociable. He has never put a latchstring outside his door, because the door is always open. Friend or stranger, you are always welcome. Anything that is his is yours. The Spaniard, in the beginning, perceived the Cuban's generosity, and took advantage of it. The very hospitality of the natives has been their ruin.

There is a social set in Havana that might be called society, written with a capital S. But it is not Cuban society. A few Cubans of the best families move in this set; but they must be on their guard and hold their peace—for this society is made up principally of Spaniards. The Cuban at the opera, at receptions, and at balls, must speak to his enemy, but he must not talk. The native señora or señorita must dance with a man who, next day, may be ordered to the front to fight or kill her brother, sweetheart, or father.

Entering a ballroom in Havana, even a stranger can at once pick out the Cubans from among the Spaniards. The Cuban, whether man or woman, has a certain air of proud humility that tells of the oppressed. The Spaniard, on the other hand, carries himself with the unmistakable and insolent air of a conqueror, if not an oppressor.

The bare fact is that Cuban society has gone to pieces. With the men in the field, in hospitals, in the grave, or in exile, Cuban families are represented almost entirely by women. With so many vacant places at the hearth, Cuban homes are broken. With the breaking-up of homes has come the disintegration of Cuban society. That once proud and aristocratic society is threatened with extinction.

The most-laughed-at-man in Havana to-day is the military governor, General Arolas. At the same time, the most talked-of woman is an English girl, Miss Elsie Tobin. The governor has lived through sixty-nine winters. Miss Tobin has seen only nineteen summers. December is about to marry April. Nearly every day these two ride along the Prado on horseback; the general in uniform, the English lass wearing a military jacket, part of the uniform of a Spanish colonel. As they pass the cafés, the govern-

or's legion of soldiers titter and wink, and say to one another: "Old Spain aspires to the hand of young Britannica."

Since the central relief committee, headed by Dr. Louis Klopsch, has been here, the reconcentrados are not so much in evidence. But there are still thousands of them to be seen. If you walk in the gutter at night, you stumble over these unfortunates. The gutter is their favorite sleeping place. They huddle in heaps in doorways, and fill all the free benches in the Prado.

The widest sidewalk in Havana measures not more than two feet. The usual width is one foot, just wide enough for one person at a time. Take a walk with your friends, and you go Indian file. If a friend wishes to walk by your side, he must take to the gutter. On Sundays the streets are full of people hurrying to the bull-fight. Gamecocks can be seen fighting in half the courtyards of the negro section of the town. The amphitheater where the bull-fight takes place is on the opposite side of the harbor. The ferryboat is similar to those around New York, but much smaller. The bull-fight is a purely Spanish sport. Cubans want to abolish it from the island. Disgusting sight! As I saw it recently, it was not a bull-fight, but *a bull-butchering*!

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONCLUSION.

And now, how did the Americans find Cuba after the war? How *have* the Americans found that island? No doubt, Havana *is* Cuba, just as Paris is France. A glimpse of Havana, then, as the invading army of peace found it, will give a comprehensive idea of how that peace army found all Cuba. I can best relate the story in the following extract from a letter dated Havana, August 1, 1898:

Another army is about to invade Cuba. An army armed with merchandise in place of guns. Instead of digging trenches it will build factories and open stores. Battles will not be fought with bullets, but with brains and brawn. This American army of peace will be comprised of men who work with money, with their hands or with their heads. Any soldier embarking without enough money to live on for half a year had better turn back. To go to Cuba, penniless, just now, is like seeking death. You can't

get sustenance out of an orange that has been squeezed by a mailed hand. It takes time to reconstruct that which war has destroyed. Meanwhile, the point of attack will not be Santiago. The base of supplies will be Cuba's metropolis, Havana. What kind of a place will the invading American find this Havana to be?

The steamer drops anchor in the harbor half a mile from shore. Small boats swarm around. In one of these boats the American is rowed ashore. The water of Havana harbor is never peaceful and always rough. The spray wets the American's baggage his clothes, his face. That settles the small boat. He will have a tender meet all incoming steamers; the tender will be, at least, a small steamboat or a huge tug. Then he will dredge the harbor and build a dock, at which ocean steamers can land. The boatman speaks only Spanish. The American speaks only English, and has no time to study lingo. Therefore Havana must learn to use the tongue of Americans. That Spanish rule is no more, that the yellow flag of the dons is down, is not enough. The language, too, must go. As the boat leaps over the waves through the spray, the American espies, on shore, a huge, circular building. Instinctively he knows that that is *the arena* where matadores have been in the

habit of slaying bulls on Sunday afternoons. And forthwith that arena is doomed. Even the Cubans shall not be permitted to conduct a slaughter-house for the public amusement of the thug. With the arrival of the Yankee a thousand and one customs of life and trade in Havana will become incongrnous, un-American, therefore will be subjected to a healthful injection of Americanism.

The American steps ashore and into a votura, a small victoria, pulled by an asthmatic horse. The streets of any city are full of humiliations for the proud; but, on the way to his hotel, this proud American finds Havana's streets full of sights that more than humiliate. They are sights that inspire indignation against the inhumanity that caused them. These narrow streets are full of abject misery. The American's carriage brushes against indescribable poverty. He has been accustomed, at home, to streets filled with the evidence of wealth. So this new thing, this awfulness of suffering, appals him. Whole families are huddled together on the pavements. Their home is a gutter. Little naked children hold out skeleton hands for a centavo. Human beings, reconcentrados, wrecks; that is the history of these families. Americans will find all Cuba strewn with these wrecks. For months

to come they will block the channels of trade, just as marine wrecks obstruct navigation.

The votura turns into another street and the American beholds a man milking a cow in front of a doorway. This is the typical milkman of Havana. He takes his cow from door to door, giving to each housewife the exact quantity of milk desired. The days of this milkman's prosperity are numbered. In a few weeks milk wagons, gorgeous in coats of paint of many colors, will be rushing through the streets. The American milkman will have supplanted the Cuban and his cow.

The carriage rolls on, or rather, rocks and pitches on, like a ship in a storm. For the street, like the sea, has billows and troughs. But the American, remembering how his own streets are not paved, feels at home. The street is not wide enough for carriages to pass each other. The sidewalk is so narrow that even lovers must walk in Indian file. The American is only ninety miles from the United States shore. Yet here are streets more foreign in appearance than those he once traveled three thousand miles to see in Europe. To enjoy these Havana streets a man must have an eye for the picturesque and the leisure to lounge. The American simply notices that the houses are only two stories high,

looks reproachful, and deplores the waste of sky-space.

If he has been in Havana before, the Yankee remarks the absence of Spanish soldiers in the street. The sword has gone, but the mantilla is left. All the mantillas are black. Almost every woman in the street wears mourning. For war is a robber of husbands, and sons and brothers. These women are sad-eyed and composed. Their grief is too deep for tears.

During this ride the American sees a great many negroes. He does not know it but of every three people in Cuba one is a negro. These negroes are growling. Their growl is sinister. "We did the fighting," says their growl, "and now we want some of the rewards, some representation in the independent government gained by our fighting."

Suddenly the American realizes that with all the rockin and pitching of the carriage, but little headway is made. And he stares at the wheezy horse as if it were a species of snail.

Eventually he arrives at the hotel, and is shown to a room with a stone floor, a high ceiling, and a dearth of water and towels. He rings. He rings again. In fifteen minutes, more or less, a boy appears. Water and towels, please. Fifteen minutes later the boy comes with water,

and twenty minutes after the water comes the towels; the American having broken the bell, meanwhile, with his frantic ringing. The Yankee's troubles have begun. He is in the land of mañana, of to-morrow, of any time excepting now. No injection of Yankeeism will ever cure the Cuban of his indifference to the clock.

The invading American discovers almost instantly that all Cubans view him with suspicion, because years of oppression have taught them to suspect everybody. He finds that any Cuban tradesman can tell more lies in a single interview than any one American.

First mañana, then a lie. After procrastination, prevarication. In these respects the Cuban and the Spaniard are alike. The American finds that, though the Spanish are no longer in politics, Spaniards still remain in the social and mercantile life of the city. And there will be some difficulty in distinguishing a Cuban from a Spaniard.

Now the Yankee looks for lodgings. He finds he can get a fair apartment for ten dollars monthly, and the best for twenty. Coffee is thrown in. Every morning at six o'clock he is awakened by a man standing over him with a huge cup of coffee, made as only a Cuban can *make it.* That is all the Yankee gets in the way

of food till breakfast at eleven. He begins the day's work with a clear head. If he sleeps after six he loses the loveliest part of the day.

Soon the American will learn in Havana to keep Havanese hours. That is, his working day is from seven to eleven, and from one to five.

Our cousin will invade a Cuban home. He finds the women sitting all day in rocking-chairs, stroking the feathers of a paroqueet, smoking a cigarette or doing nothing. They walk with awkward gait, for they walk not enough, and wear shoes that are too short. Señoras and señoritas coat their faces with powder, as with a ghastly mask. They know more about complexion powders than about baking powders At social gatherings the Yankee will find that la señoritas lace so tightly that many of them, after dancing La Cubana, fall in a dead faint. In La Cubana, the national dance, the dancer turns round and round on a single spot a more lively step being precluded by the climate. This dance is seldom graceful, and sometimes indecent. The Yankee will find that Cuban girls at fourteen have finished their education. They can read, write, embroider and play on a very bad piano—for there are no good pianos in Cuba This same Cuban girl, however, speaks two languages, of which American girls know only the

dialect. These are the language of the fan and that of the eye. She has been obiiged to cultivate these languages because her duenna has forbidden the proper use of her tongue. The American will look the Cuban woman over and then write home: "There are no pretty Cuban girls. They are either very beautiful or very homely. If beauty consisted only of eyes and hair the women of no nation would be so universally beautiful as these señoras and señoritas. Those past twenty are either fat and gross, or lean and gawky. They wear fireflies for jewelry. Under a gauzy dress a hundred fireflies, like our lightning-bugs, makes a girl look as though her form were studded with diamonds."

After the invading American has been in Havana one week, he will write·

"In the homes, all cooks and servants are men Wages, five dollars monthly. Kitchen refuse is thrown into the streets, where it is consumed by those black and dreadful scavengers called buzzards If you don't want home cooking, you pay seven dollars monthly, and have the canternos, or canteen boy, serve you daily with two square meals—breakfast at eleven, dinner at seven. The canternos carry meals to hundreds of families. Food is thus sent out from a central kitchen. Instead of delivering a loaf the

bakery delivers a whole meal. Every well-regulated house has a porter, called portero. When the master goes out he tells the portero which of the ladies are to be permitted to leave the house during his absence. You call a servant by clapping your hands. This comes of having all doors and windows always wide open. Havana needs to be cleansed, disinfected, sewered and paved. Meanwhile, the man who comes down here with hats, shoes, clothing, machinery, staple articles of food and general merchandise for sale stands the best chance of making money. Clerks are getting eight dollars a month. We cannot employ Cubans. They are as untrustworthy and unreliable as ever. They want to sleep away the afternoon. Their fondness for pink sweetmeats is disgusting. They are always embracing each other like women and Spaniards. A haircut costs fifty cents. Fresh water, two cents a gallon. Theatres charge forty cents for each act.

Cubans who have pleaded poverty during the war are digging up their strong boxes. When a Cuban gives alms to a beggar he raises his hat, for he gives to God. A funeral is an affair as gorgeous as an American circus. The pall-bearers wear costumes that might have been hired from a comic opera company, and the hearse is decked

out like a van chartered by a picnic-party. I think that by the time an American army of invasion has been in Havana a fortnight we will begin to mind our own business and allow Cuba to remain Cuba.

THE END.

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